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Pro-Slavery.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

DEBATE ON SLAVERY.

THE AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, took the ground that the memorialists were in error, in averring that a slaveholder could not be a Christian. In the churches which St. Paul founded, there were Christians,—sincere and good Christians—who held slaves; and Dr. B. held that the Board should recognize the same principle. He was willing, as the report recommended, to leave the question to the responsibility of the missionaries themselves. He would, however, he confessed, have liked the report better, had it contained the distinct avowal, that Slavery is not a sin, intrinsically, and that this Board ought not to be coerced into making it such. Dr. B. was followed by

Rev. Mr. Green; who remarked that he believed the sentiment alluded to, was embodied in the report.

Rev. Mr. Root, of New Hampshire, opposed the report, and took strong abolition ground against it, as sanctioning slaveholding.

The Rev. Dr. Dwight, of Portland, Me. was in favor of a free discussion of the subject. If there were those present who differed from the committee, it ought to be allowed to them to say so, without invidious imputations. Great principles were involved in this question, having their response in every heart.

He was not a so-called Abolitionist; and yet he did lean to the idea, that Southern Slavery was inconsistent with the practice of true Christianity.—He believed it to be at variance with the law of God, and every dictate of an enlightened conscience. Who could look on it,—on the separation of families it involves,—the principle of concubinage which it sanctions,—the introduction of a third color, which would never have existed, had it not been for Slavery,—men forbidden to teach their fellow-men to read their Bibles,—without being convinced that it was so? It was abhorrent to the Bible, and to the principles which lay back of the Bible,—upon which the Bible, itself, was built,—and which, had the Bible never been written, would still have existed.

The tone of feeling in his section of the country was in favor of good order; and there was no such thing there as stifling public opinion on this subject, or any other. The current sentiment there needed no mouth-piece to make it known; and he believed that on this subject, he represented the decided and strong opinion of the people, in his section of the country; and that opinion called, at the hands of this Board, for an explicit condemnation of Slavery, as a system of breaking up the social ties, and family ties, and which specifically prohibits the reading of the Bible. With the general tenor of the report he agreed; but he did hope for, and he must insist on a more explicit recognition, at the hands of this Board, of the sinfulness of Slavery; a more distinct, decided, righteous recognition of its guilt. He looked at the subject in its influences on the perpetuity of the Union of the States, and expressed the hope that the report would be amended, in accordance with his suggestions.

Professor Stowe was astonished that such interpretation should be put upon the report. The document was opposed to the system of Slavery throughout, whenever and wherever existing, in theory or practice. True, the committee did not regard a man's standing in a legal relation to Slavery, as necessarily involving guilt which should exclude him from the communion. Evidence of piety was deemed the only requisite for church membership. The whole question of Slavery was not before the committee.

Rev. Jotham Sewall, of Me. made a few remarks expressive of his belief, that much attachment existed between masters and slaves at the South; stated his own observations when in that region, some years ago, and urged prayer, both for masters and slaves. At the request of the president, he offered a short and earnest prayer for light, and a blessing on the Board.

Rev. Mr. White, from South Carolina, made a very interesting and eloquent speech, avowing the opinion that while his first impressions had been favorable to the report, the course of the debate had led him to question the entire wisdom of that document. He had supposed the doctrine of the report to be, that Slavery was not in all cases a moral evil, and he deprecated the consequences, if it was to be understood as maintaining the contrary.

He had spent twenty-five years at the North, and about the same time at the South. He thought he enjoyed opportunity for forming a judgment on the question. What he had now heard convinced him that men were much the same in their prejudices and passions everywhere. He had heard at the South sentiments against union with the North, much the same as what he now heard against slaveholders. He protested against founding an opinion of whole communities from the acts of a few individuals. He thought the opinion that Slavery was not necessarily and in all cases a moral evil, generally prevalent south of Mason and Dixon's line.

He questioned the entire wisdom of the report. It aimed at revolutionizing the social condition. It would not rest—abolish Slavery in the South, it would do the same in Africa—would visit Europe—and seek to drive every evil out of the world. The Board would find this out of their power, and were they to effect it, they would sway the despotism of the Pope, and either be overthrown, or crush the world. He spoke of having administered the holy communion to masters and slaves at the same table, at the South—of the noble sacrifices made by the good Christians there, for the benefit of the Africans, and however much they might be reproached, he expected to meet them crowned with honors, and rejoicing with their slaves in the kingdom of glory.

Dr. Ide made a thoroughgoing abolition speech; thought disaffection existed in many minds toward the Board, and that it was deemed pro-slavery. He undertook to represent slaveholding as a sin to be ranked with theft, gambling, &c.

Judge Darling insisted that we were not here to discuss the evils of Slavery, or intemperance—that a report had been made by a committee at the last meeting of the Board, on Slavery, and he supposed that subject disposed of—but certain memorials had been sent in containing charges against the Board; they were referred to the same committee to investigate, and the report before us is the result. He desired the report adopted without alteration or amendment.

Rev. Mr. Phelps, Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, opposed the report in a warm speech. Why, asked he, condemn the thing, and excuse the man who does it? Why call the act a sin; and say that he who commits it may be a Christian? Why place ourselves in the predicament of *saying* but not *doing?* We do not thus, in the cases of drunkenness, of polygamy, or any other sin,—and why in this? As to exceptions,—what have the Board to do with them? They should be left to take care of themselves. It is the rule, with which the Board has to do. And this speaker concluded his speech, with offering a series of resolutions, by way of indicating a modification of the report, so that it may bear a decided testimony against the sin of Slavery wherever it exists.

The Rev. Dr. Beecher made an ingenious speech, insisting that masters and slaves existed in the primitive churches, and that it was allowed by Christ and his Apostles; that Slavery was what he called an organic sin, made by law, and therefore not dealt with as other sins, and while the poor Indians might be tolerated in practising it, more instructed and enlightened persons might incur guilt in so doing, and that because it might be right to admit slaveholders now to communion, this might not, in future, be right. He appeared doubtful whether it would be or not expedient for the Board to disconnect themselves from all missionaries and churches connected with Slavery.

The venerable Dr. Williston made some very sensible and judicious remarks, and insisted that the committee believed that masters and slaves were in the early churches, and that they had sought the particular instructions of Christ and his Apostles, and could not make conditions of communion which they had not made.

Dr. Wisner deprecated the whole discussion,—thought there was a purpose to convert the Board into an Anti-Slavery society—said that it was impossible to satisfy the Abolitionists,—spoke of what he had seen of their movements to break up churches, and should they obtain an ascendancy, he should consider the days of the society's prosperity at an end. He was opposed to this apple of discord.

Dr. Anderson begged to say a few words. He thought they were losing the spirit of the occasion—indulging in feelings, perhaps, displeasing to the great Head of the Church. He hoped the discussion would cease, that they would take the question not to-night, (for he hoped they would sleep and pray over it,) but in the morning, and that the matter would be considered settled—that it would no more occupy their annual meetings. He thought the report would prove satisfactory to the people, in whom he had great confidence; if not, he would be ready to act as hereafter might be deemed best.

He then moved the previous question (on Mr. Phelp's amendments first) which, being seconded, a successful motion was made to adjourn, till this morning, (Thursday.)

The sketch of the afternoon debate, we make from the Journal and Express.

THURSDAY MORNING'S SESSION.

The Board was opened by the usual religious services. Dr. Anderson expressed his opinion that the discussion had better be continued, and the question disposed of, and a his suggestion the call for the previous question was withdrawn.

Professor Stowe, of Cincinnati, defended the report. He showed that when the oppressed Jews appealed to Christ, whether they should pay tribute to Cæsar or not, and obey the oppressive Roman laws, he gave them a non-committal answer, and he (the speaker) deprecated the idea of requiring their missionaries to hold up in the very front of their work the faults of their country, or denying that they were honest men if they did not do this.

How did the Bible deal with social evils—evils that had been interwoven with the very frame-work of society? Why, by the promulgation of salutary principles. Polygamy existed from the patriarchal ages down even to the time of Moses. This all would admit to be a wrong, both in practice and principle. Yet Moses did not, and his writings do not, say anything in condemnation of that sin.

The speaker pursued the same argument in reference to concubinage, and to war, and contended that the principles of the Bible, if carried out, would speedily abolish all these evils. God's method of eradicating evils that had grown up with society was not to demand their immediate excision, but to promulgate counter laws and principles

The fact that God did not act in relation to polygamy, concubinage, and war, as some would do in reference to Slavery, was no proof that he approved of such evils. The Divine Being could in a day abolish Slavery throughout the world, but it did not follow that his not doing so, constituted him a slaveholder, just as his not abolishing war abruptly did not prove him a lover of bloodshed.

If God governed the world by physical omnipotence, then would he be guilty of sin in permitting the existence of any wrong; but He governed by moral laws. He governed men as free agents, accountable for their actions to himself—He governed the world as spirit governs spirit, and promulgated laws which, if obeyed, would destroy all wrong and oppression.

And thus the Bible regarded Slavery—as no more sympathizing with it, than it did with the other evils to which he had adverted. A single enactment from among those of the old Testament in relation to Slavery, would, if carried out, very rapidly make Slavery unknown——"Thou shall not restore to his master, the servant that hath escaped from his master. He shall dwell in one of thy cities; thou shalt not return him." So that if the slave were unhappy, he had only to leave and he was free. Let the principles of the Bible regulate their missionary operations, and all would be well.

Dr. Dwight, of Portland, made an explanation as to some remarks made yesterday by him, which had been misunderstood. His meaning is sufficiently plain, however, in our report of his speech, viz:—that there were certain inward monitions of right and wrong, which were at the back of the Bible, and acknowledged by the Bible as inward guides to virtue and truth.

Mr. Williams, a layman, from Farmingdale, was opposed to the report. He thought that the committee professed to *say* Slavery was wrong, but went into a long detail, to show wherein it was right. He knew several contributors, who were waiting the result of this meeting's discussion of the subject. He urged the Board, therefore, to take decisive and intelligent action in the premises, and denied that the people would understand the dissertations, and nice distinctions of the report.

He contended that the slaveholder was acting in direct opposition to the requirements of the Bible, and he had now heard, for the first time, on this side of Mason and Dixon's line, that Slavery was sanctioned by the Bible. Was it not "withholding the hire of the laborer?" Did it not tend to evil? Was not that admitted?

Dr. Pearce, of Brookline, Mass. thought that as the report of the committee seemed to be assailed from both sides, they might take comfort and conclude that they were about right.

Mr. Perkins (layman) supported the report, and held that it was the only firm and consistent basis on which their great work could rest. It would be highly dangerous to depart from that principle—if a man gave evidence of love to God, and walked consistently, they must be very cautious how they excluded him from communion.

Hon. Mr. Childs, of Lowell, spoke at great length in favor of the report, and held that the people everywhere would easily understand it, and hail it with joy, as removing from the subject many difficulties.

Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, thought the debate entirely relevant—and all they could do now was to meet the question fairly, so as to prevent its returning year after year. He thought they did not make the distinction between Slavery and slaveholding—a distinction that he thought exceedingly obvious.

He thought that not any individual in that Board could give a definition of Slavery, approaching to anything like correction. He would define it. The master did not make the man the slave, but the constitution of society. The laws make man a slave and refuse to do anything for him, but puts him under the control of another, and forbids him to instruct him. And on the other side there was equal confusion of ideas.

Slavery is an evil anterior to the laws of the Commonwealth, wrought into its laws; here is responsibility and guilt somewhere, and there will be accountability somewhere. The speaker then ran a parallel between the manor tenures, which he pronounced as the curse of a portion of the country; an invasion of the natural rights of man, disapproved of by God, and ought speedily to be abolished.

But it would not do to say that the legal proprietors of this land should not be admitted to communion. The fault was not theirs, but if the system were allowed to go on, it would be the fault of this Commonwealth. So with Slavery, it had its origin in sin, and God never meant that man should be, or made a slave.

What is slaveholding? Why, the slaveholder was not necessarily to carry out all the tyranny of the law, but to use his prerogative of mercy and kindness, and the Church is to decide whether he has done so. The Church may inquire how he came into this connection, and how he conducts himself according to the principles and doctrine of Jesus, the Church has no right to prohibit him from the communion.

Perhaps he involved himself—if so, he is responsible; or, he may have taken no pains to free himself, then too, he is responsible; or, he may not pray for, or desire the abrogation of the system, and for that too he is responsible.

The speaker, however, knew that those gentlemen who were confused, by not being able to make the distinction he had made, could not adopt that report—he did not ask them, nor would he. But on the other hand, neither he nor the people could adopt the views of those gentlemen who objected to the report—the people would not stand such nonsense.

However, if he (the speaker) were in the minority, he would only say, that he could not act with any Board that could adopt the amendment of Mr. Phelps.

Rev. Mr. Ludlow, of Poughkeepsie, spoke at some length, confining himself almost solely to facts, in proof that a man legally a slaveholder, might be one of the noblest and best of Christians.

Selections.

From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

LOYAL NATIONAL REPEAL ASSOCIATION.

The weekly meeting of the association was held August 4th, in Conciliation Hall, Dublin. Mr. John O'Connell, M. P. accompanied by Captain Broderick, entered the Hall, about one o'clock, and was received with loud cheers. After the transaction of sundry business, and a very deeply interesting speech from Captain Broderick, Mr. John O'Connell rose.

We make the following extracts from his speech, and give entire the interesting debate which followed:

The Americans saw that all the old causes of grievance still existed in this country, and that all the old oppressions were as rife as ever (hear, hear); aye, and the spirit in which those oppressions were committed. They were aware of the long list of oppressions which the black pages of the history of England's connection with Ireland contained—oppressions inflicted by England upon Ireland; and they knew that the spirit in which those oppressions were committed was as rife and active against them as ever in England (hear, hear). They knew that, and they knew also that the people of Ireland were not to be deluded; and that so long as Ireland was discontented, so long was England weak. They knew that Sir Robert Peel would not have a shot fired from one of the British ships, or one of the British regiments of that gallant army in anger, so long as the people of Ireland were discontented (loud cheers). The Yankees knew that; and they saw, too, that the envenomed bigotry, political and religious, of the people of England, so abundantly testified in their conduct with regard to the Maynooth grant alone, would prevent Peel, all potent as he otherwise might be, from making any more valuable concessions to the people of Ireland (hear, hear).—Therefore, the Americans saw they were safe in their aggressions against England, so long as Ireland was discontented—so long as Sir Robert Peel did not redress the wrongs of Ireland (hear, hear). Therefore, they thought they could go on to seize every portion of territory that they desired—Oregon in the North—Texas in the South—California in the West—and accordingly they were doing so. They had already had hold of Texas. It appeared to him that the sentiments which it was proper for the people of Ireland to feel with regard to the Texan question were those of a very mixed description. He regretted to see in the columns of the excellent Freeman's Journal, that Irishmen in America were warped by the vile opinions that prevailed there, and the vile influences of Slavery which are experienced in that unfortunate country, for America, as long as she had the plague-spot of Slavery upon her institutions, was an unfortunate country, and in a dangerous state (loud cries of hear, hear). He regretted that any Irishman should speak as that correspondent had spoken, of this fact of the Texans having joined the Americans as the great act of a great people (hear, hear), and that this was one of the great ideas of the age by which the Americans were carrying out a really popular movement. He would not delay the association long on this subject, but before many minutes he would give them some idea of what this great popular movement was; and with regard to the people of Texas—who were they who were called the noble people of Texas? Brigands, gamblers, swindlers, assassins—every man who found that he could not remain in the Southern States of America, rife as they were there in crime, went to Texas (hear, hear). Rife as the Southern States were in crime of every sort, all proceeding, like some foul exhalation, from the abominable substratum of Slavery, there were some men that were too bad to remain there, and from South Carolina and Louisiana those wretches went to Texas (hear, hear). It was a common saying in America, "Where is such a scoundrel—has he been hung yet, or has punishment overtaken him yet?" "Oh, no, he is gone to Texas," (hear, hear). Texas was the refuge of all scoundrels and assassins, for the horrible system of assassination existed in the Southern States of America (hear, hear). He (Mr. J. O'C.) might mistake the people of Ireland, but humble as he was he did not think he could mistake them. He knew what the people of Ireland were in their nobility of heart and exhaltation of sentiment. But they mistook the people of Ireland who thought that noble and pure-hearted people would sympathize with the Americans in this Annexation, no matter what particular good it would do, if it were accomplished by base means, and its end should as it would be to perpetuate the horrible system of negro slavery (hear, hear). Let any man who could contradict him stand up and do so; but he fearlessly said if the greatest amount of particular good was to be accomplished by the annexation of Texas, that act being bad in itself and likely to support the horrible system of the slavery of their fellow-creatures—the tearing the husband and wife asunder—the selling the little children from the bosom of their parents—the separating brother and sister—the whipping, and branding, and all the atrocities which that system established through America, he (Mr. O'Connell) repeated that the people of Ireland would forego the particular good rather than accept it at such a cost. It might be deemed vexatious to England that Texas should be annexed, but he implored of those who rejoiced in the annexation of Texas, to see how England would be affected by it. Texas was a cotton growing country—England was a customer for that cotton. What did England complain of at present? England complained of the high commercial tariff adopted in America against English manufactured goods, with a view to protect the manufactured goods of the Northern States. The Southern States of America were opposed to the tariff, for they had not the same manufacturing interest as the Northern States to protect. They desired to get manufacturing produce from England, and to send their tobacco and cotton back to England in return; but if their ports were shut against English goods, England would not take theirs. It was, therefore, a great object to England, and to the Southern States, that the American tariff should be repealed or reduced. The annexation of Texas would strengthen the hands of the Southern States—it would give an over-balancing influence to the Southern States over the Northern States, and compel the reduction of the tariff. The tariff being reduced, English merchandise would get in at a cheaper rate of duty to America, so that England would derive an indirect advantage from this Annexation. The only thing was, that her honor was a little hurt by the result of her interference between America and Texas, but she cared very little about her honor where something was to be made (cries of hear, hear). Were it not that he was averse to harrowing the feelings of his audience, he could read even from American papers recently published details of the horrible treatment to which the slave population of America were subjected—treatment which it was appalling even to think upon. In America, the boasted land of rational liberty, as it was called—the home, as it was represented to be, of freedom and happiness—there was no less than three millions of slaves (hear, hear, and laughter). The latest newspapers that had been received in this country from the other side of the Atlantic gave an account, which it was impossible to read without horror, of the cold-blooded carnage of a number of miserable wretches—slaves, who endeavored to effect their escape into the Northern States or into British America, where they knew they would be free. There were about one hundred of them, wholly unarmed, and they were set upon by a body of white men armed to the teeth, who fired upon them with as little compunction as if they were a herd of swine or a flock of wild fowl. No defence was attempted to be made after the first fire, and the assailants might have contented themselves with seizing their victims and making them prisoners. But no, nothing would satisfy them but cold-blooded slaughter; and slaughtered the slaves accordingly were, to a very great extent. To-be-sure, an American writer of peculiar philanthropy had humanely suggested that it would have been better had the white men fired only with snipe shot or salt (laughter), which would have wounded, but not killed. This ingenious and humane suggestion, had not, however, been complied with, and many of the slaves were slaughtered—the rest were brought back, and tortured with the lash (hear, hear). Yet this was the system—this the admirable domestic institution which some men had the audacity to advocate.—This, too, was the system which would be spread throughout Texas. Persons had occasionally asked him (Mr. John O'Connell) in private, and some there were who had even proposed the question in public—what Irishmen had to say to the slave system as it existed in the United States, and what excuse they had for interfering in such matters (hear, hear)? He was sorry that any Irishman, or any friend of Ireland, should ever use such an argument. Surely, he that protested against the conduct of England towards this country, and professed himself to be the friend of Ireland, ought also to be the friend of liberty all over the world (hear, hear).—There could be no bounds to the sympathies of him who was truly and sincerely a friend of liberty (hear, hear). The Irish people did not want liberty for themselves alone. True, they claimed it for themselves—true, they demanded it for themselves; but they also claimed and demanded it for those who were in bondage all over the world, no matter what might be their clime, their color, or their creed.—Those three millions of American slaves were human beings. Like their haughty lords they were husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters; and, although they might not be of the same complexion as their masters, they were fashioned by the same Almighty hand to the same Almighty likeness, and, like their masters, were created for mortal destinies (hear). Yes—they were men; and could the Irish call themselves men if they had no sympathy with them, or if they closed their ears against their cries, which came wafted across the Atlantic, imploring of them not to sympathize with their base and cruel oppressors. Oh! those base Americans! They celebrated their Declaration of Independence the other day, on the fourth of July, and began by declaring that they held this to be an indisputable fact, that all men were created equal, and that all men were equally entitled to the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property. *All* men! *all* men! and yet there were three millions of men in absolute bondage—three millions of men to whom the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property, was peremptorily denied! Born for immortality, their dearest ties were outraged. The husband was torn from the wife—the wife from the husband—the children from both—and they were in all respects treated like the beasts that graze upon the plain. Their masters flogged them like beasts—branded them like beasts—made their lives a curse to them—tortured them to death—and yet the Irish people were to be told it was no concern of theirs (hear, hear)! With respect to the question of Annexation—what was the history of the annexation? It was contained in a paragraph from the *Times*, a paper which they seldom quoted, but which he could on the present occasion cite because its statement was strictly correct—"The United States said the *Times*, allowed a large emigration of the most unscrupulous adventurers into Texas, under contract with the Mexican Government. If it is alleged that the latter did not or could not fulfil its contracts, it cannot be pretended that the former exhibited better faith. The circumstances of fraud and outrage connected with that immigration excited the disgust and remonstrance of every good man in the Union. The Federal Government allowed it,—encouraged it; saw all the time that the new population of Texas would not bear the Mexican Government and laws; saw immigration and rebellion, colonization and independence of Mexico, proceeding *passibus æquis*. The declaration of independence was notoriously only the conclusion of a scheme openly concocted within the limits of the Union. We are now told the only possible end and aim of that scheme was the Annexation. Is it possible to forget these dark items in the account? Is the destiny of Federalism so inevitable a fact, so bright an idea, as to hide these spots? The fatalism of power and ambition never can efface the lines of morality. Even that which must be, need not be done by detestable means. It is the moral repugnance not only of rival nations, but of America itself, of the nation most interested and most compromised, which has struggled all this time against an act, the object of which might be useful and inevitable, but which in itself, in the means, in its actors, was dangerous to the mutual confidence of nations, and to the cause of public morality"—(hear, hear). This statement was perfectly correct. America, while having friendly relations with Mexico, was secretly endeavoring to rob her of her territory. For this purpose she encouraged all her ruffian population to emigrate to Texas. When these, fellows, however, broke out against Mexico, and put themselves forward as the Texan nation, America coquetted with them, and pretended she did not want their Annexation, but when Mexico, France, and England, accorded fair terms to the Texans, America threw off the mask, avowed the vile and faithless course she had been pursuing, and caught Texas to her arms (hear, hear). And then, as to the "domestic institution" of Slavery! What was the slave system that was pursued in Texas? It was a system, the details of which were so appalling, so repulsive that they could not be spoken of unreservedly in the presence of some of those who were assembled in that hall. It was a system which could scarcely be described or spoken of amongst Christian men, and yet the fact of its existence was as unquestionable as that the sun was in the heavens at noonday (hear). It was out of the question that he would attempt to describe the details or particulars of the hateful "institution,"—suffice it to say that no grazier in one of our pasturage counties in Ireland adopted any means or expedients in order to promote the increase and augmentation of his flocks, that were not literally copied with regard to human beings by the slaveholders of the Southern States in order to increase their slave possessions (hear, hear, and sensation). He hoped he was sufficiently understood. Into further detail, it was impossible for him to enter. This was the system which had found its advocates amongst men who professed to be Christians. Most earnestly did he hope that Irishmen, whether at home or in America, would not, for any consideration, permit the great moral principle which was involved in the duty of discountenancing Slavery to be weakened, nor suffer the faithful devotion which should be paid to the principles of universal liberty to be forgotten in what might seem to them the splendor of any achievement of the American—it mattered not how important or how beneficial the results of such achievement might appear to be in its bearing upon the interest of the Irish people (hear). He, for one, would never be guilty of any such dereliction, for never would he cease to raise his voice in indignant protestation against Slavery, and also against the annexation of Texas, which would go far to extend and perpetuate that abominable system (loud cheers.)

Mr. Clements was the next who addressed the meeting at length. There was another topic to which he felt anxious to make a brief allusion. The honorable member for Kilkenny had called forth their enthusiastic plaudits by his spirited and truthful observations on the question of American Slavery, (hear, hear). The manner in which they had received his denunciation of the iniquitous system did them every credit. An opinion prevailed abroad, to a certain extent, that the association meddled with that question most unwillingly. Now, he (Mr. Clements) was not of that opinion. He thought that all honest men should join in the denunciation of human slavery (hear, hear, and cheers). From his heart he hated and abhorred it. And whether as Repealer, Patriot, or Christian, he should ever abominate and condemn in the most unmeasured terms, and at all times, the horrors of trafficking in human flesh. The member for Kilkenny did not stand alone in the opinions he entertained on the subject (hear, hear). The association and the Liberator felt as Mr. John O'Connell did (hear, hear). The Liberator never appeared in his (Mr. Clements') opinion, and in that of the country, to occupy a more lofty and commanding position than, two years ago, when, quantities of money flowing in the Repeal treasury from America, he availed himself of the opportunity of declaring, that he never would consent to become a secret party to a secret bargain with the American people, in reference to the horrible and demoralizing system of Slavery (hear, hear). In conclusion, he (Mr. Clements) would only further observe, that he considered his honorable friend, the member for Kilkenny quite right in denouncing the odious and impious practice.

Mr. Richard Scott, solicitor, begged permission to say a few words with regard to American Slavery (hear, hear). He denounced the principle as much as any gentleman present, but he condemned—and this was the first time he had had the opportunity of expressing his opinions—he condemned the use made of the topic in the association. They had a right, if they meddled with the institutions of America, to do so in a calm and cautious manner. For his part, he was opposed to Slavery, no matter in what part of the globe it was, because they themselves had suffered its horrors; but, when receiving assistance from America—not only by money, but by active exertion, they ought to take very good care how they meddled with them at all (hear, hear, and cries of oh, oh). There was one institution in Ireland called the Anti-Slavery Society. That Society held its meetings at the Royal Exchange, and he (Mr. Scott) thought that that was the place for gentlemen to denounce Slavery, and give their opinions of its atrocity; but they mistook their position When they selected the Corn Exchange instead of the Royal Exchange. He (Mr. S.) had some friends in America, and one of them, who was not a slaveholder, nor an inhabitant of a slave State, told him, in language which he did not then wish to repeat, that observations made in the Conciliation Hall by individuals had been taken in America to be the unanimous observations of the association (hear, hear). Now he begged leave to say, that he, as a member, did not concur when Slavery was denounced in such unmitigated abuse of the American nation, and he insisted that all the members were not anxious to bring forward in the association opinions and denunciations that were unpalatable to the great majority of the Americans, some of whom were anxious, of themselves, for the success of the great struggle in which they were engaged (hear, hear). The friend to whom he had before alluded, told him that $100 had been subscribed in Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, but that when some of the speeches made here were sent to America, a resolution was come to that the money should not be sent to Ireland.

Mr. J. O'Connell—So much the better (hear, hear, and great cheering).

Mr. Scott held it right for gentlemen, not only here, but in every society, public and private, to denounce Slavery in every shape and form; and though men acting so had a right not only to be tolerated, but applauded, yet they ought to be very cautious how they forfeited or refused the assistance of the noble-minded men who were advocating their cause in America (hear, hear). He did not know but at that moment there was in the horizon a sort of "cloud," as it had been called, which would call forth some further exertion from America, and was it fit that in that association they should in any manner injure themselves by gratuitous speeches (oh, oh)—gratuitous, because the question was not before the meeting. The opinions thus expressed were but the private opinions of private individuals. The question of American Slavery was not proposed in the Hall, but were it even to be proposed, they should not come forward in a body to receive American money in one hand, and give them a slap in the face with the other (oh, oh). At the time that the British Government were forced by the valor of America to give up their government in the United States, the whole of the thirteen States were slave States—the British had them in slavery—they were slave States at the time of the revolution of '82 (hear, hear.) What were the consequences? From that hour to this the Americans had by degrees set their faces as much against Slavery as they (the Irish) could do. They had emancipated the slaves in the thirteen States, and not one of those thirteen States were now slave States.

Captain Broderick—No, No; there is Tennessee, Carolina, Kentucky.

Mr. Scott repeated that none of the thirteen States were now slave States, and he said that the slave States were States that had been brought within the Union since the Revolution. He (Mr. S.) reprobated Slavery as much as any one there; but at the same time he hoped that the American people, or the Irishmen, or Repealers in America, would not consider that they, as a body—the Catholics of Ireland, or the Protestants of Ireland, or the Presbyterians of Ireland, at all interfered, as a body, to condemn them for what they considered as essentially necessary for their own safety and prosperity. Perhaps those who condemned the Americans had never set foot in America—

Captain Broderick—I did.

Mr. Scott—Perhaps one or two of them did. Probably such was the abhorrence of Slavery in America, that nothing but absolute necessity compelled them to keep slaves. Of this he was informed, that even in the slave States of America the Americans themselves were desirous to get rid of Slavery if they could (hear), but they must get rid of it by degrees. They had emancipated the slaves in the thirteen United States of America, and he trusted they would show their detestation of Slavery as strongly in the other States by emancipating them by degrees (hear). How did the British emancipate the slaves in their colonies? Instead of abolishing Slavery as they could by act of Parliament, they made the inhabitants of that country, and of Great Britain, pay twenty millions of money for the emancipation of those slaves (hear). And who did they pay that money to? Was it to West India planters? If history spoke truly, it was not, but to the Jews of London, or to aristocrats who had estates there (hear). They could not, therefore, it appeared emancipate the slaves in their own colonies without buying their emancipation. It was, he conceived, too much for them, humble Irishmen as they were, in that association, when placed in comparison with America, to expect that anything that could be said in that association could at all put down American Slavery, or Slavery in any other country. And therefore not having the power to do it, he respectfully submitted that they should be cautious how they injured those who were anxiously assisting them to effect their own emancipation (hear).

Mr. J. O'Connell—I am very sorry to be obliged to rise again to address the association, but the association will, of course, see that it is impossible for me to avoid doing so. I introduced this subject, and I will introduce it again (cheers). And as long as I have the honor of a seat in this hall—an honor which I shall ever cherish as near and dear to my heart—so long even were I to stand alone, shall I upraise my voice in the strongest condemnation that language can convey of the horrible, and abominable, and unchristian conduct of the Americans—of the people of the United States, for fostering and keeping up that accursed system (loud and continued cheering). Sir, until my friend came here to-day and made the speech that has just fallen from him, I confess I esteemed him much, for no man knew his excellent heart and his private worth better than I did. I will not say that I doubt my own judgment of him now, but I do say, that I do not think he can be faithfully interpreting the feelings of his own breast in uttering such language (hear, hear). Language like that from an Irishman (hear, hear). What! A palliation of Slavery from an Irishman! An Irishman talking of it thus—an Irishman *doring* I will say, to talk of it as an "institution" (hear, hear, loud cheers and marked sensation)! How *dare* he, I ask, talk to us as Irishmen and Christians, of Slavery as an *institution*—a domestic institution forsooth, to be tolerated in a civilized land (hear, hear, and sensation). How dare he come here and——

Mr. Scott—What! How dare I come here!

Mr. J. O'Connell—Yes, how dare you come here for such a purpose, (hear, hear)? You have as good a right to come here as I have, but you have no right to cast reproach upon us for doing our duty to Christianity (hear, hear, loud cheers, and sensation). What are the historical facts of which you speak? You talk of the Americans having in '82 valorously shaken off the yoke of British dependence. The yoke was valorously shaken off; but if there had been no stout Irishmen in America, would it have been so (hear, hear)? It was the line of Philadelphia that mainly contributed to the victory, and who does not know that seven-eighths of that line were Irishmen born (hear, hear)? If it be true, therefore, as it is, that the Americans rendered us some service by sending us their money, let it not be forgotten that they were under a debt to us, for their independence before (hear, hear). You talk of the States in which Slavery has been established. Is it not still an institution in Maryland, Kentucky, the Carolinas, and Virginia (hear, hear)? Yes, there Slavery still flourishes with rank vitality (hear, hear, and cheers). Oh, people of Ireland, you know what Slavery is, for your own lips have quaffed the bitter cup. You know, too, how dear, how inexpressibly dear, are those domestic ties which hold society and kindred together. There is a depth of mutual affection in Ireland, unequalled by any people in the universe. You are the fondest fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, friends, lovers, in the world. Oh, what do you say of a country where the father of the family is sold to one miscreant master—the mother to another—the child to a third (hear)?—What think you of that country where the mother and her child are put upon a platform for a man to walk round and examine their points, as he would examine the points of a brute beast (hear, hear)? Oh, gracious heaven! (The honorable and learned gentleman became deeply affected, and paused for an instant.) I have children of my own, and the picture is too much for me. And when the slave's child clings convulsively to the bosom of its mother, it is torn rudely from its embrace. The mother is sold to one fiend in human form, the guiltless infant to another, and then an Irishman comes down to this hall to palliate it (hear, hear, and cries of "certainly not," from Mr. Scott). He has spoken of the money we received from America! The money! Perish the vile trash (loud cheers)!—

"And are we to sell the mighty scope of our large honor for as much trash as may be grasped thus?"—(cheers.)

He asks us why not return it? Is he aware that we have a thousand times told the Americans, that if the acceptance on our part of their remittances is to be construed as sanctioning by us the detestable traffic in human flesh, we would perish before we would receive one farthing of it (hear, hear)? Does he not know that on two or three occasions, when remittances were sent to us from America, accompanied by letters in which it was sought to justify, or even palliate Slavery, we sent back the money, and we will do so again, should similar occasions arise (loud cheers). He talks indeed of the Americans in some districts emancipating their slaves. Where is the evidence of that to be found. Where are the proofs? Do they exist in the horrible breeding plantations of Slavery—(sensation)—that beastly and infamous system, at which we can, on such an occasion, and before such an assemblage, barely glance. I could not venture in the presence (pointing to the occupants of the ladies' galleries), to explain all its horrors. He knows that (hear, hear). If he did not know that fact, he would not dare to stand up here and advocate Slavery.—Mr. Scott has called me to account for introducing that subject here, and for using the strong terms I have done with reference to it. I tell him, in the first place, that not only will I introduce it again and again (hear), and on every occasion that ever offers itself, but that my voice shall be lifted up, and to the last shall be heard protesting against that accursed system, and against every man, be he Irishman or American, who fosters or palliates in the slightest degree that abominable and iniquitous traffic in human beings. I do not account to Mr. Scott, nor will I account to him. I do not hold myself responsible to that gentleman, but I do hold myself responsible and accountable to that Great Power before whose judgment seat the slaveholder, and the slave, and the defenders of Slavery, and every man who participates in the crime by practice or palliation, shall stand (hear). I do hold myself accountable to that God who created me, and it is with a view to that accountability, and in the strong sense of that accountability, that I have here, and that I ever will, to the latest moment of my life, to the last breath that comes from me—no matter who may assail me—no matter who may attack me—no matter what may be the consequence to myself, be they ruinous, be they death itself—raise my voice against Slavery and against the American slaveholders (loud cheers).

Mr. Scott and Mr. Clements both rose at the same instant, and each gentleman claimed the right of addressing the meeting.

The Chairman—The question of American Slavery is not properly or regularly before the Chair at all. Mr. Scott has delivered a very long speech on the subject in consequence of certain observations that fell from the member for Kilkenny, and thereon Mr. John O'Connell explained. That being the state of matters, I do not think this discussion should be further prolonged. There is no question before the Chair, or at least the question of American Slavery is not properly before us.

Mr. Scott—I have been attacked, and my sentiments misrepresented. I claim it as my right to be heard in reply to Mr. John O'Connell.

Mr. Clements—I consider I am in possession of the floor, and having been alluded to by Mr. Scott, I think the Chairman should permit me to address the meeting.

Mr. Scott—I have a right to be heard, Sir, and I claim that right. You are bound to hear me in reply to Mr. John O'Connell, who has most unfairly attacked me, and attributed to me sentiments and opinions which I not only do not entertain, but which I really abhor.

The Chairman—Really, Sir, there is no question before the Chair, and you should not be heard.

Mr. Scott said he had been misrepresented, and surely the Chairman would not prevent him from setting himself right with the association. The observations he [Mr. Scott] had made did not refer to Mr. John O'Connell's comments on the slave question at all, but to what had fallen from Mr. Clements. Mr. John O'Connell's statement on that subject he did not hear, but he must say that that gentleman had treated him most unfairly by attributing to him language which he never uttered. He [Mr. Scott] did not advocate Slavery—but he, on the contrary, denounced it. He denounced it at the beginning of his short address, and much as Mr John O'Connell was opposed to the principle, he was as strong and is determined an opponent [hear, hear]. He had merely stated his opinions—of course Mr. O'Connell was at liberty to denounce Slavery wherever he wished, but what he [Mr. Scott] complained of was, that the association was made the vehicle of a slanderous attack upon the Americans.

Mr. O'Connell—A slanderous attack upon the Americans [cheers]!!

Mr. Scott—

much good for, nor was he of such utility to the country as the gentleman who asked that question, but he trusted the integrity of his own motives, and he would submit to the opinion of the Liberator, who knew him, whether he had ever advocated anything calculated to support Slavery in his own land [cheers].

Mr. Clements was very glad of the explanation of his friend opposite. It was very clear that Mr. Scott did not appear there as an advocate of Slavery, and it was clear also that no one amongst them held it in greater abomination than he did himself [hear, hear]. It was some words used by him [Mr. Clements] that called forth the observations of that gentleman, and though he was at the time ready to reply he gave way at once to the honorable and learned member for Kilkenny. He [Mr. Clements] would, therefore, be pardoned if he applied himself for an instant to the argument of Mr. Scott. He said he did not like Slavery—that he disapproved of it as much as any one; but that no matter for that he would hold his tongue whilst he received American money, and then set the matter right with his conscience [laughter].

Mr. Scott—I said nothing of that kind.

Mr. Clements—Well, it amounted to that. Now, it should be recollected that the reason why the association interfered in the question at all was, that it was a question of Slavery or Liberty—the Repeal question was also one of the same kind—and how could they, in their efforts to achieve liberty for their native land, be unmindful of the great doctrine of universal liberty [cheers]—how could they, in their pursuit of freedom, for an instant suppress their horror and abomination of the anti-Christian principle of Slavery [loud cheers]. If they did so they would be parties to a corrupt, dishonest, and secret bargain—they would be encouraging and upholding the slave system for the sake of grasping a few pounds [great cheering].

LETTER FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY.

The Cincinnati Gazettee of the 11th instant, publishes the following letter from Mr. Clay. It is a reply to a letter from a Committee appointed at the meeting held in Cincinnati after the mob at Lexington:

LEXINGTON, Sept. 4th, 1845.

Benj. Urner, James S. Gluscoe, Jacob Ernst, Oliver Lovell, Geo. W. Phillips, R. G. Mitchell, James Calhoun.

GENTLEMEN: I have just received your letter of the 27th ultimo, enclosing the proceedings of the citizens of Cincinnati, and their resolutions in public meeting.

Their words of kindness and general appreciation and noble and dignified avowal, have moved me more than all the studied cruelties and wrongs of my enemies, though I was unnerved by disease, and threatened for long days and nights with a horrible death.

I thank you, that you have not allowed the calumnious manifesto of the revolutionists of the 18th of August to weaken your confidence in my loyalty to the Constitution and laws. I thank you, that you have seen nothing in the past to cause you to lose confidence in the future, that my "measures and means" will be "safe, practical, and peaceable." I thank you, that you deem my "work high and holy," and for the reverent and soul sustaining invocation of Divine protection on me and on it.

You, gentlemen, have taken me upon trust; the time for my defence will come with my re-established health, when, I venture to say, your sentence will not be revoked by "Kentucky and the world."

I shall allude to only one charge going the rounds of the papers—that there was a compromise between me and the rebels of the 18th, and that I agreed to discontinue the True American, provided they would spare the press. It is unnecessary for me to say to you, who have seen my letter addressed to the meeting, as well as my previous handbills addressed to the people, that this story is calumnious, and morally impossible. It is enough that the Committee of Sixty have authorized the Lexington Observer and Reporter to state that no such proposition came from me or any of my friends. This attempt, therefore, to degrade me, on the part of those who failed to destroy me, is of a piece with this whole outrage of cruelty and wrong, as I shall be able to show as soon as my health will allow.

I hope I shall be able to show that I am neither a "madman" nor a "lunatic."

They who sent back from Thermopylæ the sublime message, "Go tell it at Lacedæmon that we died here in obedience to her laws"—the Roman who returned to captivity and to death, that his country might be saved—Sydney, Hampden, and Russell—Emmett, who uttered the mighty instincts of a great soul, "the man dies but his memory lives"—Adams, who exclaimed, "Survive or perish, I am for the declaration"—Henry, who cried, "Give me liberty or give me death," were all, in the eyes of these men, "madmen" and "fanatics."

It was necessary that some one should bear the standard of Liberty into the enemy's camp, and by so doing, whether he stood or fell, arouse this great nation from the lethargy and death, which have come over the spirit of a once free people. It has been the policy of wise statesmen in all ages, to clothe the humblest citizen with the concentrated powers and inviolability of the whole empire. It was enough for one amidst the wildest barbarians to say, "I am a Roman citizen," and he was safe. No country in Europe is so careful of individual and national glory as France, the first nation of Europe; and England, but a few years ago, was ready to peril her thirty million of lives on the rescue of a single subject. It cannot, therefore, be less than madness in the American people, if they expect long to live as a nation, and not to fall an easy sacrifice to foreign aggression, or internal anarchy and despotism, to look coolly on, when even the humblest of those contending for constitutional liberty and national honor are overborne and trampled down in the battle. Surely that nation cannot live long, far less be free, that sees, time after time, whatever of spirit and manly independence may anywhere exhibit itself, crushed and utterly extinguished.

I thank you, then, and the people of Cincinnati, my fellow-citizens, men gathered under the same national Constitution, to which I owe allegiance, and which owes me protection, brothers of the same blood, inheriting the same proud recollections of the past, and looking in the future to the same inseparable destiny, that you have not cowered before the slave-power; but that you stood by the friendless, the powerless, the fallen, and dared to speak out for constitutional republicanism and eternal justice, which have been violated in my person. Above all, I am deeply affected by the fact, that you assembled in "mass meeting," without distinction of party; and as both parties were lost in overwhelming subserviency to Slavery, so you of the free States begin to unite in the defence of your own rights, and in the cause of national liberty.

If the Whigs, and Democrats, and Liberty men, become really what they assume, then is half my "work" accomplished, and the Republic safe—for though my State should sink into irrevocable despotism, there will be left somewhere on this wide continent, a home for the exiled and the oppressed.

With regard to the press, I would briefly remark, that my banner, "God and Liberty," will never be struck.

Though overwhelmed by numbers, I have the same unconquerable will and defiant spirit, as though the day had not gone against me. It is for those who fight for the wrong to despair in defeat.

I shall not "die through mortification," as my enemies would have it. I trust I shall yet live to see those, who, on the 18th of August, 1845, rose in arms, overpowered the civil authorities, and overthrew the constitutional liberties of the State, and established on its ruins an irresponsible despotism, hurled from their usurped places of fancied security, and *Kentucky yet made free.*

If, however, this be a vain hope, still I will not repine, for I should feel prouder to have fallen with her honor, than to have ingloriously triumphed with my enemies over the grave of the liberties of my country. With gratitude and admiration, I am your friend and obedient servant, C. M. CLAY.

ABBY KELLEY DRAGGED OUT OF A QUAKER MEETING HOUSE.

The following extract is from a letter from Milo A. Townsend in the Liberator of last week:

MOUNT PLEASANT, Ohio, Sept. 8th, 1845.

DEAR BROTHER GARRISON: Yesterday, I witnessed a scene at which I could have wept. That dear friend of humanity, Abby Kelley, went in the afternoon to the Orthodox Yearly Meeting, and while there, felt it her duty to say a few words in behalf of her enslaved brothers and sisters. After a female Friend (whose name I did not hear) and Jeremiah Hubbard had spoken, each for about three-fourths of an hour, Abby arose, and calmly and feelingly called attention to the claims of perishing humanity. Before she had spoken five minutes, Benjamin Hoyle arose and said, "Friend, I think thee had better take thy seat, and not disturb our religious meeting." But Abby kindly replied, that she "had a message to deliver to the Friends there assembled, and she must speak, whether men would hear, or whether they would forbear." Here Jeremiah Hubbard arose, and said that "the good order of society, and a sense of propriety, required the friend to take her seat, and be quiet." Our sister had not time to make any further remark, before Benjamin W. Ladd arose, evidently much excited, and said, "Friend, if thee does not take thy seat, we will have to carry thee out; thou must not disturb our meeting of worship"—to which Abby replied, that George Fox had entered meetings of his day, contrary to "good order and propriety," and testified against the wrongs and oppressions which then prevailed. At this juncture, much confusion ensued—some calling for her to "go on," and others to "carry her out;" but she continued to speak for a moment, while two or three women, who sat by her, endeavored to make her sit down, by pulling her violently by the dress, which came well-nigh tearing it. By this time, the audience were all upon their feet, some making their way out, some running down the steps from the galleries, while two or three of the "*weighty members*" were pressing through the crowd to get hold of her, in which they at length succeeded, and dragged her with *pious* hands out into the meeting-house yard. Here, with difficulty, I crowded my way to her side, and protested against such inhumanity and heartlessness, and tried to shame those Christian drag-outers;—still, not satisfied with thrusting her from their synagogue, they cried out that "she must be taken from the yard, for it was their property;" but the crowd being so dense, and pressing in from all sides, they did not succeed in getting her more than half way to the gate.

While I thus stood by Abby, some one behind us gave me two or three very pious, evangelical kicks, which hurt not a little, notwithstanding they were in defence of religion and love. During most of this time, Abby continued to speak to those that were dragging her out, in a most sweet and touching manner, and in tones I shall never forget. Even now, they are vibrating in my ear. I could not see how any man, who has a heart throbbing in his bosom, could remain unmoved by those thrilling appeals in behalf of her slave brothers and slave sisters, who are now clanking their chains in this professedly Christian land. And I think even the hearts of those drag-outers were not totally untouched, for they finally released their grasp, and endeavored to make their way out of the crowd, which they could not do at once, and thus were forced to hear some truths, which I trust went home to their guilty consciences. With a few further remarks, we retired to Aquilla Hurford's porch, where a large number followed, to whom she spoke for half an hour, in an earnest and forcible manner.

Before they had dragged her out, one woman went to her, and endeavored to flatter her into compliance, saying, "do, dear, do come and go with me—do, dear!" and another, while they were forcing her out, thrust a religious tract into her hand, bearing the title, "Thoughts on Reason and Revelation;" and another said to her, "Thee hath a devil."

A number of the younger class, from the impulses of humanity, spoke indignantly of this inhuman act; and many others, I have no doubt, were ready to do so, but their sectarian religion would not allow them. Those who did condemn it were censured by most of the older Friends,—those who are exceedingly scrupulous of "paying tithe of mint, and annis, and cummin,"—those who "make broad their phylactaries, and enlarge the borders of their garments,"—who talk solemnly and whiningly about "creeds of faith" and "sound doctrines," and the deep importance of going to meeting—while they deem practical goodness and purity of conduct as filthy rags.

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Communications.

Letter from Ohio.

ASHTABULA, Sept. 4, 1845.

FRIEND GAY: There can be no doubt that this is the most free and happy nation on the face of the wide earth; for the people say so, and who dares accuse the people of lying? And then the Constitution guarantees the right of freedom of speech and of the press, as well as the right of masters to catch runaway slaves; so that taking a calm view of this great republican, democratic nation, one feels impelled to cry out, "Hail Columbia, happy land."

To be sure there are almost three millions of persons deprived of all the rights of humanity; but then they are negroes: and in this age of light and liberty, it has been discovered that the common brotherhood of the race don't extend to the black man. It may be said, too, that now and then a printing press is destroyed, or exported with out consent of the owner, and that when men or women try to make people believe that *all* men have inalienable rights, they are treated as fanatics, and dangerous persons. And priests and demagogues, reputable men in the world's eye, stir up the fhultitude to mob them. This, it is true, don't seem at first to be in accordance with freedom of speech and the press, but when one understands all the mysteries of cutaneous republicanism, and the holy dispensation of the ordained and called clergy, the difficulty will doubtless vanish.

In Massillon, Stark county, some two weeks since, I met with one of these demonstrations of the *peculiar* regard of the citizens for equal rights, which is truly worthy of notice.

In company with Isaac S. Flint, I visited Massilon for the purpose of holding some Anti-Slavery meetings. The Disciples' church was obtained, and the first two meetings, though not large, were very quiet and orderly. A Presbyterian minister rose and made some objection to hard language; but in the short discussion which took place, showed a fair degree of candor.

We learned that considerable excitement was getting up, simply because we had said that a man always had a right to his own person, and had condemned, in plain terms, the political parties that are upholding man-stealers for office; the churches that are fellowshipping with most notorious black-coated cradle-robbers, nay—even the Constitution, which makes its upholders swear to suppress the efforts of men to gain their liberty, and even return them when they escape from bondage; and its framers, who were willing and ready to stand up and say that man had an inalienable right to liberty, and then trample that right under foot, by giving "solemn guarantees" to Slavery, by which it is now upheld. Now, it would seem at first blush, that all these things were plainly enough worthy of condemnation, but not so thought the Massillonians; and being acquainted with the republicanism and piety so peculiar to this happy land, you can duly appreciate their feelings on hearing such heresies and slanders. On the third evening, the church was crowded, and I talked on the Constitution, showing that it was vile and corrupt, unworthy of support, and that the Union based on that instrument, was a wrong and a curse. Of course, you know the people are so fond of a union with slaveholders, that this would excite strong indignation; however, nothing was done beyond a few patriotic hisses and curses. Going to the town the next afternoon, we found the church closed. The trustees said they wanted it in the evening for a meeting, and feared it might be injured if used by us, though no one apprehended anything of the kind in the day-time. However, we could hold no meeting in the afternoon, and in the evening, met in a large hall obtained by a good friend for the purpose.

The *pious* people had most of them met in the several churches to worship after a manner peculiar to such—that is, by praying and preaching against sin in *the abstract*, and telling how important it was that a certain old musty creed or creeds should be held holy. We found the hall full, and some remarks were made on the Church, showing the terrible guilt of the great mass of the churches and clergy, as sanctioning and upholding Slavery. Now, it would seem to be a plain matter enough that, if they *do* sanction Slavery, they must be wicked and corrupt; but not so thought some of the defenders of the faith in baby-stealing, present. An Episcopalian, (Mr. Ely, I think,) rose, apparently in a rage of righteous indignation, and so agitated as hardly to be able to speak. He commenced by turning the audience into a sort of ecclesiastical council, to try the character of the clergy, and said as near as I can remember—"All those who think that the Rev. Mr. Swan (Episcopalian) is a member of the brotherhood of thieves, will please say *aye*. A deafening yell of ayes rang from every corner of the house, but the defender of the clergy saw that he had made a mistake, and corrected it amidst roars of laughter. After putting other questions to vote, and, so far as *ayes* could do it, making the clergy very lambs for innocence, he sat down, and Mr. Carter, a democratic (so-called) lawyer rose, and offered a series of resolutions, (A President had before been chosen by those interested, who kept *dis*-order most admirably.) In the resolutions our ideas in regard to the Constitution, its framers, the churches, &c. were pronounced vile and contemptible, and we were loaded with a rich variety of opprobrious epithets. In closing, he made a very patriotic speech, interspersed now and then with a *pious* ejaculation in behalf of the abused Church, which was truly touching. At every pause, deafening yells rent the air, and during the whole evening, a rotten egg would now and then spatter through the window, by way of variety. He said, too, that no one should lay a hand upon us, but that he would stand between us and all harm.

The meeting adjourned amid huzzas and yells. We made our way through the motley crowd, with the friend who entertained us, and on looking around for the lawyer to protect us, lo! he was missing! On reaching the sidewalk, eggs were thrown in abundance; but none hit us. A kettle of tar, and a bag of feathers stood by, but were not used. Passing up the street, a crowd of some hundred or more, followed us some distance, until at last some one told them to be quiet, or beware the consequences, when they turned back. Our next meeting was at Paris, where a Methodist clergyman, (the Rev. Mr. Ambler,) gave us a reason for Slavery not being abolished in the District of Columbia: that it would interfere with the rights of private property, to do so! After repeatedly interrupting my friend Flint in his remarks, he at last put a number of questions to vote, the last of which, was, that we should leave town before daylight the next morning! I rose, and gave notice of another meeting the next evening, after which, he moved an adjournment, and left with the larger part of those present. The next evening he was again present, with two brother Reverends, who broke in upon the discussion, to pass some resolutions. We withdrew from any part in the doings, freedom of speech being trampled upon. Some eggs were thrown, and crackers fired; upon which the Reverend depreciated any disturbance!

Wonder if he did n't know that a vote, to the effect that we should leave town, would encourage it? If I did not know that yourself, and readers, could appreciate the genius of the evil (query, uneivil?) and religious institutions of the land, I would not mention these things. Yet, strange as it may seem, we have found a great many people in Ohio, who deemed our views of human rights, and liberty, worthy of serious regard, and have even listened to the very same things that keeps Massillon in a turmoil, as if they were solemn truths. But I must close this already too long communication. I left S. S. Foster, Abby Kelley, B. S. Jones, and J. E. Hitchcock, at Salem, yesterday, holding a meeting well attended, so far as I was present. I write this, sitting by a window, in full view of the broad lake, stretching away in the distance, and rolling its unfettered waves upon the beach. The intelligence of the death of my aged father, calls me back to Massachusetts, and compels me to leave (for the present at least) this field of labor. I do so with regret, for it is a wide and fruitful one.

Yours, in the cause,
G. B. STEBBINS.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Abdy.

It appears from the following lines, that the insulting pride of the Caucasian will not much longer be tolerated in the East. They are to be found in Kohl's last work upon England, and are taken from a Cingalese paper—the Colombo Observer—the motto of which, is, "fiat justitia—" a watchword that shows what is wanting in Ceylon, and that those who want it, have no fear that Heaven is against them. They have too much good sense to couple "*ruat cælum*" with "fiat justitia." Kohl's work, which is in three volumes, has not been, as yet, translated into English. The verses are quoted by the reviewer of a publication, entitled, "Sketches of men and manners, by a native, printed and published by Naraina-sway Sangrepillry."

THE EUROPEAN OFFICIAL.

See how in pride the pompous white man stalks!
As if possessed with Deity he walks!
Or view him scampering on his motley steed,
Urging the brute to more than headlong speed—
Anon behold him idle and supine,
In his rich Palanquin go forth to dine,
While servile crowds before the great man bow,
Were he a God, they could not stoop more low!
And why, and wherefore, is this piteous sight?
Oh!—he is English!—and his skin is white!
He is the District's mighty lord.
And thousand vassals wait his word,
Degrading sight! The sanguine torrents rush
Fierce to my cheeks and bitterly I blush,
To see my countrymen reduced so low,
As thus unto a fellow-worm to bow!

"The poem," adds Kohl, "though interesting, is rather long." The poet tells his fellow-countrymen not to believe their *priests*, when they attribute the white man's superiority, to the innocence of his former state of existence, and then continues:—

He's great, because he's learn'd, and you may be
More wise, more learn'd, more powerful than he,
Only no longer waste the fleeting hours,
But rouse to action all your latent powers.

Here we find that the white priest and the black priest preach the same doctrine of transmissive punishment. The African race is in Slavery, because their progenitor was a sinner, and the Asiatic are in subjection, because the progenitors of their oppressors were *not* sinners. We thus make our piety subservient to our injustice, and obey our Maker while we degrade his children. "Ceylon," observes Kohl, "has its agitators and O'Connells, as well as Ireland, and we must admire the English, that in spite of all these agitations—in spite of the hatred which has been inflamed against them in every corner of the globe, they still exhibit so much power and resolution."

How we treat our colored brethren in India, must be well known to you: and it is not very creditable to the Anti-Slavery Reporter, that this important subject, connected as it is, with the cause it professes to advocate, has engaged so little—I may perhaps say—has engaged none of its attention. The reason must be obvious to you; and, perhaps it would be as well if some of your "free-labor" associations would collect such facts as would illustrate the bearing of this question on Slavery, and exhibit the inconsistency of those churches, which admit the guilt of keeping man in a state of bondage, while they commit the greater guilt of excluding him from the privileges of their common religion. It appears highly preposterous to cut off all communion with men, whose consciences can find excuses in the Bible, while we cherish communion with men whose offences are condemned in every passage of its pages. Let authentic documents on this matter, be transmitted to the London Committee, and we shall then see whether they love truth as much as they hate tyranny.

If no one in the House of Commons, has presented a petition against the abolition of the duty on cotton,—if the Government has been allowed to continue the tax upon sugar, for the chance of injuring Slavery, while it takes off that on cotton, with the certainty, and the intention of encouraging it—if the Anti-Slavery Society would rather submit to the merited accusation of interested hypocrisy, than offend the manufacturers, by carrying out a principle which they had applied in spite of remonstrance, and in defiance of argument—what hope remains to the friends of free-labor consumption, that there may be found sufficient self-denying spirit in the world, to forego indulgences which few think unlawful, which many think of little practical importance, and, which most people care not three straws about? We see here, the absurdity of making the national conscience a ward of the custom-house, [it is not I who borrow this expression,] is it more reasonable to assume there is disinterestedness enough, to make a sacrifice which would not have been required, if justice, or humanity had been listened to?

Kohl tells us, that a Quaker boasted to him, of having settled the abolition question, by "beating up" those members who had retired to their clubs, and private houses, when the "compensation clause" came on in the House of Commons:—a singular subject for self-gratulation, to any one who had any regard for distributive justice, and yet perfectly "in keeping" with the proceedings of many among the speaker's friends. It seems to be a maxim with these sophists, that the end is more to be regarded, than the means; or the motives—though here, as in most cases, it has refuted itself. The Texas-treason, and the sugar-plot, have equally failed to recommend this philanthropic neology to our notions of honor. There is not one of the concessions here referred to, that does not both violate the very principle which lies at the foundation of what it was called in to strengthen, and give fresh vigor to the enemy it promised to weaken. The Nonconformist publishes the reports of the Universal Suffrage Association—a sort of official appointment too valuable to be risked, by offending the Quakers, one of whom, (Joseph Sturge,) is a leading agitator in this powerful body. If Mr. Myall, [the editor of the Nonconformist,] thinks the anonymous writer in the "Friend," is more worthy of credit than Shillitoe, he has not shown his usual acuteness of discrimination. He would have had no mercy for such trash in the Standard, or the Morning Post. This sectarian spirit gives a double security to the established Church: it divides its enemies, and it disgraces, while it feeds those who write for them. If there were "peace on earth, and good will towards men," what would become of soldiers, lawyers, and newspaper editors?

I have been looking over Niebuhr's letters, from Holland, to his family; one of them, dated Amsterdam, Oct. 10, 1808, contains a passage, that I think you will find not uninteresting. Subjoined, is a condensed translation. Having spoken of the ex-Governor, of the Cape of Good Hope, "Madame Janssens," he says, "praised their domestic slaves very highly. They were offered their freedom before the Governor's departure; but they fell at their master's feet, and entreated they might be sold. Neither she, however, nor her husband, though far from rich, had resolution enough to comply. They would, therefore, have given them away, according to their own choice; but they all wished to accompany them to Holland, and all, ultimately arrived there. They begged that a young Malay, a Mahometan, might be allowed to join them. He would study the habits of the General's little boy, and be a faithful servant to him. The latter is now in the house, and a better servant, they assure me, is not to be found. The poor lad suffers much from the climate; but he is treated with as much kindness as if he was a member of the family. Such a sacrifice for the family of a man, who is considered poor, where wealth is everything, is great indeed. The twenty slaves were worth from six to eight thousand piasters." [The piaster seems, from another passage, about a dollar.] Janssens strongly condemned the English Government, not only for its neglect of the Hottentots, but for the enmity it had excited between the Caffres and the Colonists—more particularly the distant settlers; who were disconnected with the new order of things. "I believe," adds the writer, "the charge was not unfounded." And he was not likely, whatever may be said of the disappointed Governor, to be biased by national jealousy, though, as a native of Denmark, he viewed our bombardment of Copenhagen with the indignation it deserved. Niebuhr's opinions were neither hasty nor prejudiced. He loved truth and liberty, for their own sake, and would have vindicated Garrison from calumny, as he vindicated the Gracchi. His sympathies were for his fellow-man, without regard to the cut of his coat, or the color of his complexion. Too high-minded to flatter, and too humble to despise any one,

No party his benevolence confin'd;—
No sect—alike it flow'd for all mankind.

Niebuhr declared, so early as 1815, that the black qualification in the American Constitution, was revoltingly opposed to every notion of republican equality. He perceived in it, the source of increasing hostility between the two sections of the Union, and the seeds of its eventual dissolution. The war with England was caused by the insolence and vainglory of Virginia—for, though that State had the worst soldiers, and no fleet, yet she wished, like her betters, in ancient and modern times, to oppress, to humiliate, and to plunder, her more honorable neighbors. This faction having seized Florida, under the pretence of quieting tumults it had itself fomented, aimed at the conquest of Canada.

Niebuhr praises the Hartford Convention, and predicts separation, if the conflicting interests which produced it, should continue. Union between nations of different strength, and discordant principles cannot be permanent: nor, will the stronger long submit to be governed by the weaker, under the pretence of equality. What God has put asunder, man should not join. Such are the sentiments of this celebrated statesman. We might answer that Slavery has put them asunder; and, that God has condemned Slavery in condemning the junction. The marriage was, *ipso facto*, void. It was contracted under false pretences, and its offspring is illegitimate. The Union, he says, has given nothing to New England, but a share in Southern infamy, where the planters emulate the West Indies in vice and cruelty, while the mass of the white community are the worthy descendants of vagabonds and convicts.

Letter from an Ex-Overseer.

MR. EDITOR:—If the experience of one who has been engaged in the business of an *Overseer* at the South for the last seven or eight years, is likely to prove interesting to your readers, I shall take great pleasure in adding my testimony to the already great mass which has been collected and published, in regard to the evils of Slavery as it exists in the Southern States, particularly in the States of Georgia and South Carolina. That it does exist in some of its worst forms in these States, it were useless to deny. If some of your *Northern men* with *Southern feeling*, would travel through certain portions of these States, at this season of the year, they would have an opportunity of judging of the very *kind* and *humane* manner in which the unfortunate slave is treated. I intend, Sir, if my health permits, and by your leave, to give you at some subsequent period, an account of my conduct, while discharging the duties appertaining to this disgusting employment upon a plantation at the South. Reared amid slave institutions—taught to regard, from my earliest existence, my fellow-man, because his skin was black, as a slave,—as a being whom it was proper, and legal, and just, to dispose of in precisely the same manner, as I would my dog—my horse—nay, my hog—it may excite some wonder as to the cause of my deserting the ranks of those who hold my fellow-beings in bondage. But, Sir, the reason of my so doing, is to be found in the breast of every true philanthropist—of every well-wisher of the unhappy and degraded slave—who is compelled to labor to enrich the nabob—the tyrant—the *master*, the *miscalled man*—to enable him to ride in his coach—to purchase and drink his champagne—to entertain his friends—to fare sumptuously. Alas! poor slave, how do you fare—one peck of corn per week, without salt or meat. This is not a picture drawn from fancy—but the results of bitter experience. With shame do I confess that for seven years did I hold the lash of the taskmaster over hundreds of my fellow-creatures, but thanks be to God, I never yet stained my hands with their blood, as some of those in the same business have done. I have never yet given the oft-repeated and execrable order of, "driver hoist him up!" or the equally painful one of, "paddle him!" Alas! when I hear those professing religion, speak of their desire to see the whole world emancipated from the *thraldom* of SIN—and yet can turn right around, and commit the grievous one of holding their fellow-creature, he who speaks the same language, and whose blood is the same color as the man who holds him in Slavery, my heart sickens, and I turn loathing from him, and view him as one unworthy of the name he bears. Away with such religion, it is blasphemy—it is an insult to the Deity—and yet we find the apologists and defenders of this odious and abominable system, giving the Almighty an *authority for their so doing*.

I would like, Mr. Editor, to know, whether these very *humane*, and very *kind* masters, ever think that they will be arraigned before the same *tribunal* at the latter day. I hardly think myself that they do. I do not believe that they have any other thought, than that a slave never goes to heaven or hell, but that they are sent to a separate place, and that in the next world they are never destined to come in contact with each other, on terms of equality. But enough for the present. I merely, Sir, have indited this, by way of an introduction to future articles upon the same subject, and by way of preparation, to the war which I intend, if God permits me to retain my health and strength—to wage upon the slaveholder and slave institutions. D.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1845.

To Delinquent Subscribers.

The Executive Committee have determined to adhere still more closely than they have yet done to the cash principle. Ample time has been given to all to balance their accounts, and the following arrangement may be considered as final:

All persons who owe more than two years will receive no more papers after two months from this date have elapsed, unless they have paid in the meantime to the commencement of their current volume.

NEW-YORK, August 14, 1845.

Loyal Repeal Association.

On the first page of to-day's paper, will be found an exceedingly interesting report of a debate in a meeting of the Repealers in Dublin. All honor to these noble men, John O'Connell, Mr. Clements, and others, who dare so boldly, and so nobly to assert and defend the right. Not indeed that anything else should be expected from them, or from anybody; but we, nevertheless, cannot help feeling grateful to them for being true men, where the temptation to be false is so great an one, and for rebuking the slaveholders of this country, in a way which, however much they may bluster, and affect contempt, they deeply feel.

Even were not all our sympathies already enlisted in favor of Repeal, we could not but reverence the high moral principles on which it is professedly based, and which it practically maintains. It is a struggle for freedom,—a demand for civil and social rights—an attempt at revolution—a determination to be free, conducted with that calm temper, with that regard for the sanctity of the rights of all men, and even with the quiet and considerate decorum, which well becomes a Christian people, and which make it one of the sublimest movements the world has ever looked upon. Not seduced by interest, nor fettered by the plea of a time-serving expediency, nor captivated by the hope of securing the good will of men, by catering to their prejudices, or their vices, nor dazzled by the ambition of making their cause a popular one among other nations, its distinguished leaders, adhering strictly to the great truths which lie at the basis of their enterprise, will make no compromise with the wrong, nor cease to rebuke it, wherever it may exist. And they are right in every point of view. It is none the less true for being often repeated, that justice is the best expediency; and their cause will prosper just so far forth, as they are true to the right, at home and abroad.

It is an easy thing for us to be Repealers for the sake of Ireland, on this side the Atlantic. Americans love the very name of Liberty, and will shake the clouds with their shouts in her praise, when it concerns themselves, or the oppressed anywhere, excepting only those whom they themselves oppress. They have no temptation not to rebuke tyranny all over the world, beyond the borders of their own land. Their self-love, if nothing else, would prompt them to make good their boast of being the only free nation on the face of the globe, by proclaiming liberty to all the inhabitants thereof, and hailing with joy every struggle, wherever made, in behalf of human rights. Would to God, that they could see their hypocrisy, and sit down, as they ought, in the dust of the earth, and mourn their own degeneracy, and repent of their own tyranny. Then might the sincerity of their indignant rebuke of Slavery in other lands, be above suspicion, even though they should then, also turn it to political account, in their own partisan movements; for in the hope of doing this, lies the great secret of the sympathy of our countrymen for Irish Repeal.

But these noble, and great-hearted Irishmen, true to their idea of Liberty for themselves, and for all men, cannot be lured away by the tempting bait of the influence in their behalf, of a great nation. Freemen themselves, they ask no aid from those who are oppressors. They spurn, and loathe the sympathy of hypocrites. They throw back the blood-stained gold into the faces of the men who pretend to a love for liberty, while they are themselves the basest tyrants, or, who would buy them into silence, or seduce them into the sufferance of wrong. Their motto also is, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

We have received a copy of the proceedings of the Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society, consequent upon the speech of Mr. O'Connell, in Conciliation Hall, which we here give to our readers. It was a fitting testimonial of gratitude to that gentleman, and fittingly replied to. It is as follows:

"At a meeting of the Committee of the Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society, held at No. 8, Anglesea street, on the 6th August, 1845, it was

Resolved unanimously—That this Committee do tender their cordial and respectful thanks to John O'Connell, Esq. M. P. on their own behalf, in the name of the Abolitionists of America, and in that of outraged humanity, for his recent manly denunciation, in Conciliation Hall, of the annexation of Texas to the American Union, and for his noble and uncompromising maintenance of the full and equal right of the colored race with the whites to the inalienable blessings of liberty; and we hereby express our conviction, that so long as the Southern States of the American Union continue the bondmasters of 2,800,000 slaves, whilst the Northern States voluntarily abet them in so doing, so long must the odium of Slavery stick to every citizen of that republic, except such as protest against it, and labor for its overthrow.

Resolved, That the chairman be requested to transmit the foregoing resolution to Mr. O'Connell, and to lay his reply on the table at our meeting on this day week.

JAMES HAUGHTON, Chairman.
RICHARD D. WEBB, Secretary.

35 ECCLES STREET, 6th August, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR—It affords me the sincerest gratification to be the medium of communicating to you the annexed resolution. Great indeed is the pleasure I feel from seeing you treading so closely in the steps of your excellent father. May he and you live long, and see your dearest hopes for your country realized.

Believe me yours faithfully,
JAMES HAUGHTON.

JOHN O'CONNELL, Esq. M. P.

LOYAL NATIONAL REPEAL ASSOCIATION, Corn Exchange Rooms, Dublin, Aug. 11, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR—Will you kindly present my respectful and most cordial thanks to your excellent and philanthropic Society, for the high honor they have done me in again noticing my humble efforts in the good cause to which they have devoted themselves.

Were there in reality any distinction between political and social morality, the "*awfully smart*" swindle by which the Americans have got possession of Texas, should be condemned as equally contrary to both.

But morality admits of no distinction of circumstances, and therefore the correcter phrase must be, that the annexation of Texas is one entire and unredeemed act of gross and monstrous immorality—and being so, is necessarily and inevitably an act hostile to Christianity.

Most fully do I agree in that part of your resolution which says—"That so long as the Southern States continue boudmasters of 2,800,000 slaves"—(alas! how fearfully to be increased when "*loafing*" Texas is added?)—"while the Northern States abet them in so doing, so long must the odium of Slavery stick to every citizen of that republic, except such as protest against it, and labor for its overthrow."

In my mind the Northern States are, if possible, even more basely criminal than the Southern. The Southern planter openly keeps slaves, and treats them as such. The Northern "*citizen*" in words acknowledges the freedom of the colored man, but in acts does all he can to keep them in degradation. Separate and inferior vehicles on the railroad or highway—separate and inferior places in the steamboat—separate and degraded pews in the church—nay, separate graves in some obscure corner of the church yard, remote from the tombs of the whites,—these are the lot of the free blacks in the North;—this is the way the vaunting Northern States carry out the boast of their much-belied declaration—"That all men are created equal—all have equal rights."

A terrible retribution hangs over America. Palmy and prosperous as she seems, her slave population, with their accumulating woes, are to her a danger every day becoming more and more aggravated, more and more fearful, and more and more certain, if she be not wise in time. The ruin she is bringing on herself is frightful to contemplate, but the world will acknowledge her punishment as a signal proof of that Almighty Providence that never allows an ultimate impunity to crime.

I have the honor to remain, my dear Sir, with sincerest gratitude to your Society, and to you and your kind seconder, Mr. Allen, in particular,

Yours most faithfully,
JOHN O'CONNELL."

In the Freeman's Journal of August 12th, we find in a report of a subsequent meeting to that, the account of which is published in this paper, an admirable letter from Mr. James Haughton. It was read to the meeting by Mr. John O'Connell, and is as follows:

"35, ECCLES STREET, 9th August, 1845.

"DEAR SIR—In handing to the association my second subscription of £1 for the present year, I avail myself of the opportunity it affords me to express my high admiration of the noble stand taken by my respected friend, Mr. John O'Connell, in relation to the annexation of Texas to the American Union, on Monday last. It was a glorious manifestation of high principle. I am delighted to find the son emulating the fame of his father—of the great man who has been during a long life the powerful and consistent advocate of liberty, civil and religious. Their names will be entwined together in the deathless pages of their country's history. It would be impossible to find language too strong in which to denounce that most atrocious consummation of slaveholding turpitude, the annexation of Texas to the United States of America—an act avowedly intended to perpetuate the atrocities of Slavery; an act which has already given an impetus to the infernal slave-trade of the Southern States, and raised the value of human flesh some thirty per cent. I hope there is not a man to be found in Ireland so lost to all the feelings of his own nature as to justify that act. The gentleman who opposed Mr. O'Connell seemed to do so. I am glad for his own credit sake, and for the honor of my country, that he disclaimed the imputation; but he certainly placed himself in an unenviable position as the advocate of liberty at home when he appeared as the extenuator of Slavery abroad, and that too in a land from whose people we are willing to receive pecuniary aid in furtherance of our efforts to regain our filched national independence. It would be infamy indeed to receive such aid as the price of silence on the subject of Slavery.—What would be thought of the teetotallers if they received contributions from distillers and brewers, and were silent as regards the crime and misery they create in society? In such a case we should be justly condemned as bad men. It cannot be too prominently brought forward before our people that the object of American 'soul drivers' in contributing funds to our association is a most selfish one; it is impossible for any sane man to believe that they care one farthing about us or our liberty; but they have a tender regard for themselves, and they deem a few flashy speeches, and a few dollars subscribed, well expended, and profitably invested in return for the votes of Irishmen in America, too many of whom are so false to the principles of freedom as to give their suffrages to men-stealers; here is the true secret of slaveholding sympathy with us in America—we have the sympathy of the honest and the true-hearted in that fine land—let us receive it gratefully, but I hope and trust that we shall ever reject that of those practical enemies of freedom who make merchandise of the bodies and souls of their brethren! Oh, God! that such a system should exist upon earth, and in a civilized land too, whose people boast of their freedom, and affect to look down on other nations. In my own name, in that of my country, and on behalf of the Abolitionists of America, I thank Mr. John O'Connell for his bold and manly advocacy of the rights of the colored man, and I doubt not it will gain for him personally that affectionate regard of his country which he always had a claim to on account of the name he bears. I hope he and his noble-minded father will live long, and see their dearest wishes for their country soon realized.

"Yours, faithfully,
"JAMES HAUGHTON."

Having read the letter, Mr. O'Connell said:

"He was sure he was at liberty to inform Mr. Haughton that the association would never shrink from denouncing Slavery no matter where it existed (hear, hear).—The association was formed on the basis of universal liberty, and no advantage to their cause or to themselves would ever tempt them to palliate or mitigate in the least their indignant denunciation of the abominable system of Slavery (hear, hear). The very feelings of friendship which they entertained for the Americans made them cry shame on them for the crime they were committing in continuing Slavery—a crime which

ceive ours in return. He should remember that the exchange would hardly be a fair one. If some few solitary Irish scoundrels come here to find a more congenial atmosphere, it is hardly in reason to expect that therefore our national scoudrelism should be tolerated in Ireland.—c.

HAITIAN SKETCHES.—No. 8.

A Haitian Journey—in continuation.

While the coffee was in act of preparation, we fell into conversation with the family.

They had two children, the cottage and surrounding land was their own, and they were cheerful and happy. Their principal talk was of the smaller Haitian politics, and particularly of the official changes in the various *arrondissemens*. The name of Morrissette was often mentioned with great approbation, and Boyer received a meed of popular approbation from the cottage for the recent appointment.

Mr. Chapman had met Colonel Morrissette the week before at a dinner party. I copy from his journal his impressions on that occasion of social splendor:

"I met at M. Theogene D——'s, Colonel Morrissette, who is to leave here soon, to take the command of the *arrondissement* of Santiago. The house was quite superb, and the dinner was served in excellent style and taste. We sat down to table indiscriminately, white and colored. The other guests seemed to feel no difference, and I certainly know none; and I think the prejudices of the most stubborn would soon disappear here, provided they fell into the company of the educated, and were served with gold plate and pink champagne. I never sat down to a better appointed dinner in America. The attendants were two blacks and one white. The good society here,—I mean well educated and good mannered black men, impresses one quite as favorably as the same class with us. But the manners and bearing of every one in this country are comparatively good. As a people, I should describe them as, in this respect, far superior to our countrymen."

It is very common for travellers to judge a whole nation by some single specimen or class; like the Chinaman, who, having been rowed to the London docks by a cripple, and consigned to a hostess who wore a black patch, set it down in his tablets that all the men who had lost one leg were set apart for watermen, and all the women who had but one eye were consecrated to inn-keeping.—Of the same character of mind was the Englishman, who inferred that the American slave was happy and well treated, because the ostentation of the American, like that of the English gentleman, furnishes his house-servant with white gloves.

Thus admonished, we would not judge of Haiti by her wealthiest classes, or most cultivated individuals; but were glad of the opportunity which this journey afforded us of comparing the peasant with the placeman—the cultivator with the colonel-commandant.

The family of M. Antoine, with which we were now domesticated, liked the change in the administration at Santiago, for good reasons. General Charrier, whom Colonel Morrissette had just succeeded, had been too severe with the cultivators. He had abhorred idleness, and leaned always to the side of the proprietors. Boyer could not abide that. Boyer always said, "The people are not slaves; it is for them to say how much they will work; the Commandant has only to enforce the fulfilment of contracts;—not contracts themselves." But Charrier thought he knew better than the people what was good for them. Some of them wrote in the Port-au-Prince papers, and Boyer sent the new colonel, and superceded Charrier.

Then we all discussed the state of the roads;—an important consideration where the soil is soft and the rains heavy: and whether the Government kept them distinctly cut;—another very important query, in a country where the rapid growth of vegetation emulates the bean-stalk of the nursery tale, or the fabled fertility of Kentucky, where you cannot drop a nail without finding that it has come up a spike by the next morning. Monsieur Nicholas declared that the road to Gonaives was a shame to the country;—so entirely overgrown that it was enough to make any well-disposed man cry out for the disbanding of the soldiery. If they did not keep the roads cut out, what did they do. Strangers in the country too! Monsieur Nicholas was ashamed.

Then the conversation turned upon a friend of his who had suffered her infant child to grow a long while, without having it christened, according to the ritual of the Catholic Church. "In fact," he said, "she does not think baptism necessary."

By this time the coffee was ready for pounding, and was put into a mortar of as simple a character as the griddle; being a block, sufficiently hollowed, with a stick of wood rounded at one end to fit it, pestle-wise; and all that goes *more* than this, to the making of a mortar is folly, say the Trappists, and the asceties of all countries; and one is equally tempted to subscribe to their principle when considering its good consequences, as to abjure it in view of its bad ones. One man's luxury may be another's self-denial. Nothing on this subject is certain, but that selfish indulgence is sin, and sumptuary laws tyrannical. Few reforms are so happy as the Anti-Slavery reform, in the possession of a fixed and incontrovertible principle; that slaveholding is always, everywhere, and under all circumstances, a sin. If we could say as temperance reformers, it is sinful to taste alcohol, it would give us the same strength of position that we have as Abolitionists. But for the opposer of intemperance, the corresponding position does not exist.

I found it a pleasant relief, after the long ride, to stand by the block-mortar, and pound the coffee, while the *commère* Antoine delivered a lecture upon the proper way of making it. The Haitians all agree upon this point, and one more; though they have three others on which they divide horizontally, perpendicularly, and geographically. And first, horizontally; as in the administration and opposition question, which involves the idea of aristocracy and democracy; and in which those but superficially acquainted with Haiti suppose the color question to be the paramount one: Second, perpendicularly; as in the religious question, or that between the Catholics and Encyclopedistes; which question also mingles with and aggravates the third cause of discontent which divides them geographically; and which finds vent in the question of "*Qui vive? partie Francoise, ou partie Espagnole?*" which now sounds along the border. The last news from Haiti tells of the victories of our friend, General Morrissette, won for *partie Francoise*.

These are the only serious elements of division, and the whisper of foreign invasion would unite them all.—The eyes of every Haitian seem to emit glances, as, in view of such an event, he affirms through his shut teeth, with a wrathful hissing emphasis,—"*cela nous réunira tous!*"—and quotes the article of the old and first Constitution: "*Au premier coup de canon d'alarme, les villes disparaîtront, et la nation se lèvera!*" In this resolution the Haitians are one.

But it is time to return to the second point of unity—the making of coffee. The same directions were repeatedly given us from *salon* to *chaumière;* and as what everybody says on such a point, *must* be true, I will give them here.

Roast slowly at first, and quickly at last, stirring rapidly till ever berry is of an oily dark brown. Pulverize it immediately, in the exact quantity you want, and no more, being a table-spoon heaped as many times full, *after* grinding or pounding fine, as you mean to have cups of coffee. Put the coffee into a flannel bag, and pour the requisite quantity of fiercely-boiling water upon it, and drink as soon as it is filtered through. As much boiled milk as liquid coffee, is *caffie au lait;* but this is eschewed by the Haitians, who are uncontaminated by foreign travel. They all abhor our notions of a *decoction* of coffee, and make it as we do tea—by *infusion*.

All this we comprehended from the creole of the *commère;* in which the word "*li, li,*" (lui) perpetually recurring, seemed to our unaccustomed ears, to stand for the whole eight personal pronouns. But all the peasantry understand good French, and when once the traveller is aware of a few creole peculiarities, such as this favorite pronoun, and the almost exclusive use of the infinitive mood, with a sounding of the *e* which the Parisian standard suppresses, (as, for example, in the words demain, petit, &c.) the difficulty on his side is over. This dragging of the silent *e* from its obscurity, is also the provincialism of pronunciation which clings longest to the educated Haitian; and gives an indescribable distinctive character to his conversation; just as one can almost always perceive in the nobility and gentry of the north of England, the tone of Yorkshire or Lancashire, and as the best educated Americans of New England have a perceptible Yankee twang.

None of these peculiarities are destitute of harmony to a republican ear, for they have a natural and heartsome, however inelegant sound, reminding one of the time of the equal infancy of noble and peasant; and raising the wish to which every truly republican aspiration tends, that equal advantages of education may destroy in all lands, every invidious distinction. The Haitian, in the chosen motto of that Republic, has reached the last analysis of what is desirable in a nation's starting-point: "LIBERTY—EQUALITY."

By the time we have made all these reflections and inferences, Monsieur Nicholas draws his roasted sweet potatoes from the fire, and we our Cape Haitien loaf from our sack of provisions. Such a cup of coffee as now steamed before us. Black as STYX,—mild as emulsion. It did honor to the national recipe. It was all the commère's fancy had painted it.

We have lost the corresponding words to these of *commère* and *compère*, from the spoken English of the United States. They are almost absolute in England itself; but we only know them as the gaffer, gammer, gossip, goody, &c., of nursery tradition, in the stories of King Pippin, and Margery Two-Shoes.

The day was now over, and the family (hardly can we say they retired or separated,) betook themselves to slumber for the night. Every Haitian cottage pretends to have three apartments: the centre, or reception-room, and a sleeping apartment on each side. This was one of the poorest we were in, and the upper part of the division was among the things that *had* been. The father and mother of the family went on one side,—the grandfather and the children took the other, while the three members of each, took a different mode of resting for the night: one swung in a hammock, one unrolled a mat upon the earth floor, and the third spread a cloak over a saddle.

Before sleeping, I took the above sketch of this novel interior, by the light of a taper floating in half a cocoanut shell, filled with the oil of the castor-plant, which each peasant procures for himself by boiling; the extempore wick of which we had seen plucked from the ragged cotton-bush at the back door. The good man had lighted a brown wax candle for the strangers, and bent it against a projection in the wall, in lieu of candelabrum; but our economy extinguished it the moment he had wished us *bon soir;* for the rosin-wood torch that lighted them to their rest, warned us against extravagance in the use of their kind hospitality.—c.

(To be continued.)

This Week's Paper—Board of Missions—Quakers—Correspondents.

In its appropriate place, under the head of "Pro-Slavery," will be found the debate in the meeting of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, on the subject of Slavery. The Commercial Advertiser, following the bent of its own inclination, has given a fuller report of the pro-slavery speeches than of those on the other side. The report, however, as far as it goes, is a pretty correct one. The Anti-Slavery speeches, as it will be seen, were very few, and they met with no favor or sympathy from the audience. The others were more contemptible and wicked than even the report makes them out to be. Professor Stowe, for instance, said that he considered Slavery to be "the greatest wrong and the greatest sin of the day." Yet he argued that we must act in relation to it as God did with the sin of blood-revenge and polygamy among the Hebrews. They were social evils which He did not denounce, and require them to be immediately abandoned, but trusted for their final extirpation among the people, to the influence and prevalence of higher principles. God did not, he said, rebuke his servant, the patriarch, who "went in unto his maid servant," as an adulterer, but commanded him to do so, thereby clearly showing that adultery, though a sin, was winked at under the then social condition of men, by the Almighty! No single Heathen Deity, with all the sensual, grovelling, and beastly attributes, with which their worshippers endowed them, was half so great a devil as these Christian divines make out their God to be. Whatever sin it may be that they wish to cover up, they will quote divine example or injunction for it, and call him "infidel" whose faith in God will lead him to doubt whether there be not some mistake in that interpretation of the Bible, or in the Bible itself, which would make God to be the master of the Harem to these old Hebrews. But if you point to some divine act in the life of Jesus whenever he rebuked sharply the hypocrites of his day, and warned them to turn immediately from their sins,—"what right hast thou, poor fallible mortal," exclaims some Dr. Stowe, "to take upon thyself the office of our divine Master?" That is, you may quote the Bible from Genesis to Revelations, if you can, in support of all sorts of wickedness; and show that God delighted in slaveholding, and gloried in war, and rioted in drunkenness and licentiousness, and gloated over human blood, but you are a blasphemer and an unbelieving dog if you preach repentance and purity from the divine command, or the beautiful life of him of Nazareth. "Nonsense," Dr. Bacon says it is, to treat the sin of Slavery as all other sins. No doubt, gentlemen, you think so, and will, till public opinion whips you into tardy honesty. Make it popular at the North to think otherwise, and convince you that your long purse will want some of its shining gold unless you do, and you will be no less wide-mouthed for the right than you are now for the wrong. No argument seemed to cause so much sensation in the meeting, as that certain donations would be missing, unless the Board took a high position. I wonder if it never occurs to some of these reverend divines, when they are all alone, that they are a precious set of priestly jugglers, and the marvel is that the people don't find them out. Yet they are, to a certain extent, the creators of public opinion, and their fiat is implicitly obeyed, and their lead followed. A certain Mr. Linus Child, whose speech is referred to in the report, was there as he said, as the representative of the laymen, and a very fit one he was too, of a priest-ridden people. He called upon these learned and reverend Doctors of Divinity with a good deal of stupid solemnity, to adopt the Report of the Board, that the people might be taught that Slavery was not always a sin. He, he confessed, had been troubled with some doubts on that point, but the Report settled it entirely. He had no doubt it would bring light to many minds, and peace to many consciences, as it had to his. This was the amount of what he said in a very wordy speech, and he fully represented, I thought, the majority of the laity in the blind obedience, and in the easy faith with which he submitted his conscience, and his sense of duty to the dictation of these father confessors. Some of them, I fancied, must have chuckled when he took his seat, over this proof of their power over the people, and how ready they are to be obedient and willing dupes.

But enough of the Board. Our readers will turn from reading the speeches of arrogant and pro-slavery priests, to the account of a Quaker mob. They "thank God that they are not as other men;" they have no priests, forsooth. Yet the cowards can lay hands on a self-denying, and devoted woman, a birthright member of their own body, who, in the very spirit of George Fox, goes forth among the people to preach to them of their sins, and thrust her out, with violence from their synagogue. Was it the spirit of the Lord that moved them to this? or did the devil then and there put on a Quaker coat and hat? One hardly knows which to admire most—a Presbyterian Missionary Society, whose purpose is "to preach the Gospel to every creature," denying the first principles of that Gospel, or a body of "leading Friends," pulling and hauling upon a young woman to force her out of meeting for preaching upon one of their own "testimonies."

To make the catalogue complete, we have Giles Stebbin's letter, giving an account of a mob led on by a Methodist minister!

But nevertheless, we need not be discouraged. Here is a noble letter from a noble man—Cassius M. Clay. Everybody will read it, without being asked to. And here also is one from a man who has received his education as an overseer on a Southern plantation. The reformed slaveholder and the reformed overseer will learn and teach the principles of Christianity, while the Board of Missions are debating whether Slavery be a sin, and the Quaker and the Methodist are mobbing Abolitionists. Our readers may look for some interesting developments of the "Peculiar Institution" by-and-bye, from our new correspondent, the Overseer.

Dawn Island.

This is the title of the tale written by HARRIET MARTINEAU, for the League Bazaar.

The Bazaar Gazette, for a file of which we thank GEORGE THOMPSON, says: "It must ever rank among the best of Miss Martineau's tales."

In this judgment we fully agree, if suggestive power, able, and picturesque delineation, demoustration of the generalizing faculty, and deep thought are in question.

But the author's ideas were too grand to be carried out in action in so small a compass. The germs of more great thoughts, have seldom been found in so narrow a space, in the works of any author. The mind is a little annoyed by the same sense of unfitness between the thoughts and the vehicle, which strikes us when we see an acorn planted in a China vase. We cannot but admire the disinterestedness which gave these thoughts in this easily circulating medium, at the moment when the public ear was turned to hear; for in the pattern form of a three volumed tale, so long honored by time, and English booksellers, they would have been a fruitful source of profit to the author.

This tale, of 91 small pages, not only shows the connection of commerce with civilization; but suggests the application of moral considerations to commerce, so that it may become indeed worthy of the epithet of "World-reforming," given it by the Laureate of the Corn-laws—he who has sung them as they deserved to be sung—Ebenezer Elliot.

Were this done, how quickly would the trade in men cease, and commerce be known by the name that Elliot fain would give her—

"And men thenceforth might call her LIBERTY!"

This little tale of Dawn Island, shows how the names of justice, love, and mercy, might, also, belong to her; and sketches an outline of savage life which the missionary societies ought to publish and circulate, as the fittest means of awakening the uninformed and unthinking to a sense of what the Christian owes to the pagan.

The sincere advocates of capital punishment, who would perpetuate the cruelties of a barbarous age in the name of God, cannot fail, we think, to be struck with the character of Miava.

We commence the republication, the only one, as far as we know, which is in progress, in this day's paper, (see Miscellany,) and shall continue it in weekly numbers.—c.

Oregon and California.

The next step of the advancing march of our democratic principles, will doubtless be to extend the sway of the accursed despotism of this bastard Republic over these two countries. Perhaps we may have to fight for it, but that is a trifle. The slave-mongering South is as keen on the scent as a blood-hound, and as ready to flesh her fangs, when she is "let slip" in a new field for Slavery; and the pitiful and sordid North can be whipped into anything, if she may only be left to make money. Precisely the same game is going on in relation to Oregon and California, even in this city, that was played for Texas.

A writer in the Providence Journal says that some time during the past summer, he was at Independence, Mo. and saw a company of emigrants about starting for Oregon. It was estimated the company would number 6,000 before it reached the foot of the mountains. They are described as just such characters as first emigrated to Texas from the United States. He says:

"But most of these emigrants do not disguise the fact, that their ultimate destination is Upper California, and they go there under the full persuasion that it is sooner or later to come under the ægis of the stars and stripes;—and they will enter the territory with dispositions to aid in the accomplishment of that event."

Of the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the beauty of the country, and the variety and abundance of its productions, he gives the following glowing description:

"The climate is represented as the most delightful and salubrious on the globe;—the extremes of its temperature are from 55 deg. to 85.; a perpetual spring reigns throughout the year in its valleys, and all the fruits, grains, and products of both the temperate and torrid zones grow there in the greatest luxuriance,—rye, clover, flax, and oats, grow spontaneously, covering the uncultivated plains for hundreds of miles in extent. The orange and apple blossom bear their rich fruits side by side;—corn, cotton, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and nearly all the products of the globe, may be seen growing on one plantation in that favored country, when the plantation is extensive enough to embrace a portion of a valley and mountain side. Herds cover the valleys which are reared without any other expense than the labors of a native herdsman to guard and watch them."

Now mark how the "ægis of the stars ond stripes" is to hang like a brooding curse over this fair scene. He proceeds:

"If one be in favor of free labor, the simple and docile aborigine can be hired for $15 or $20 per annum;—or if the emigrant have no conscientious scruples in regard to slavery, he may capture, by the assistance of one or two whites, a whole village of natives, and transport the community to his haciendo, or select such as may suit his fancy, or serve his purpose, and having once reduced them to his power, they become his property for life, and he can pursue and take them in any part of the country, and from whomsoever may presume to employ them. They live on insects and vermin, and a few wild fruits in their native ranges; subjected to the control of the white man, supplied with a modicum of the coarsest food and clothing, enough to partially cover their nakedness, they become the willing and obedient slaves of their master while it is his pleasure to retain them. They are excellent shepherds and herdsmen, and patient, tractable field laborers, and less burdensome than African slaves; for, when old and useless, they can be sent back to their native villages, to live on the charity of their tribes."

Can anything be more atrocious than this? There is no parallel to it in the history of the settlement of this continent by the Spaniards. Those piratical invaders, cruel and remorseless as they were, never deliberately conceived of a more diabolical plan of conquest than this; nor were they more hypocritically wicked in their pretences of subjugating the wilderness to Christ, than are these men in theirs to extend the area of freedom. Yet this letter is published without rebuke or comment in a leading journal in the State to which Roger Williams fled in search of political and religious freedom.

George Thompson.

The following passage, from a speech made by this devoted philanthropist, before the East India Court of Directors, will be read with interest by all his friends; and among them, we do not number those only who know him personally, or those who had the pleasure of listening to his matchless eloquence, while he was in this country; but every Abolitionists in the land, who knows how his whole life has been devoted to the cause of oppressed and helpless man. He is now preparing for the impeachment of Colonel Ovans and others, before the Court of Directors, for the part they had taken in dethroning the Raja of Sattara. He says:—

"Am I asked what I expect to gain by such a course? I answer, the restoration of the Raja of Sattara, to his throne—the bringing to justice of those who are living, who have perpetrated the enormities I have specified—the breaking down of the tremendous power to do, and to sanction evil, which has been usurped and exercised by the Court of Directors—the enlightenment of the public mind, in reference to the iniquities which have hitherto been secretly done by this company in its various departments—and ultimately, the establishment of more salutary and influential checks upon those to whom the Government of India is entrusted. Sir, in attempting this, my trust is not in myself—my strength is in your weakness—my power to do this, is in the truth of what I say, and the omnipotence of the cause of justice when honestly prosecuted. I shall, therefore, steadily continue my impeachment. This day, three months, if my life be spared, I shall be in my place again, to arraign the conduct of Colonel Ovans, on the Commission which sat at Sattara, and not only his conduct, but that of his colleague, Mr. Willoughby, and the superior of both, Sir Robert Grant. I shall then go fully into the circumstances connected with the removal of General Lodwick, and proceed to the first acts of Colonel Ovans on his assuming the duties of Acting Resident at Sattara. I shall then go regularly through the whole of the Government proceedings against the Raja, until the arrival of Sir James Carnac. I shall then take up the conduct of that Governor, and discuss it in connection with the dethronement of the Raja, and the confiscation of the private property of his Highness. I shall then go into the circumstances that have transpired at Sattara, since the elevation of Appa Sahib. And I shall finally review the conduct of the Court of Directors during all these proceedings. It is my earnest hope, that while I am thus doing my duty as a member of this House, a similar inquiry will take place elsewhere—(hear, hear) but whether that should be the case or no, my duty is plain; and I shall seek to discharge it, nor ever relax, until the acts of those of my own countrymen, who have plotted against the Raja of Sattara, have been exposed, and the victim of their conspiracy is restored to the throne which he so worthily filled while he possessed it, and of which he has proved himself no less worthy, since his unjust banishment."

MORE MOBOCRACY.—The following paragraph, is from the Cadiz (Ohio) Republican, of the 18th. No further particulars have reached me:—

DISGRACEFUL.—A number of *rude boys*, both of country and town, assembled at the residence of Dr. Wilson, on Saturday night, to insult and molest the inmates of his dwelling, ABBY KELLEY, and Mr. FOSTER, making use of obscene and abusive language. The same gang of desperadoes assembled, we understand, at the outskirts of our village, on Sunday evening last, and discharged a volley of stones at Mr. Foster, as he departed from our place. This is a most disgraceful occurrence, as we learn the assault was led on by individuals who should know better; and who, if they did not regard themselves, should have had some respect for the town of Cadiz.

CORRECTION.—I mentioned, two or three weeks since, the reported marriage of Stephen S. Foster, and Abby Kelley. It was a lie, it seems, of some Liberty party paper, got up for the purpose of perpetrating a silly and witless joke.

☞ Dr. HUDSON has been released from confinement on bail. His trial is to come on in the Court of Common Pleas, in Boston, in October.

☞ The post-office address of S. S. Foster and Abby Kelley, will be Salem, Ashtabula county, Ohio, until further notice.

☞ The embassy from the Society of Friends in England, arrived in this city a few days since. It consists, as we have before stated, of Josiah Forster, Wm. Forster, George Stacy, and John Allen.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Lines, on imprisonment of citizens of Ohio by Virginians. A Little Boy Lost. The Contrast. *Miscellany:* Marie; or Slavery in the United States. *(Continued.)* Dawn Island.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Debate on Slavery—American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. *Selections:* Loyal National Repeal Association.

SECOND PAGE.—Letter from Cassius M. Clay. Abby Kelley Dragged out of a Quaker Meeting-house. *Communications:* Letter from Ohio. Extract of a Letter from Mr. Abdy. Letter from an Ex-Overseer.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Twelve Days Later from Europe.

The steamship Britannia arrived at Boston, on Friday last, bringing Liverpool and London dates to September 4th.

Among her passengers were Mr. Everett, wife, and daughter; Hon. L. I. Papineau, and Mr. Templeton, the celebrated vocalist, and his wife.

The weather in England, which had been for some time storming, had changed for the better, and the prospect for the crops, which it was feared would be cut off, is good.

A pirate slaver has been taken on the coast of Africa, by the boats of her Majesty's sloop Pantaloon. The prize is a remarkably fine vessel, of about four hundred and fifty tons, polacre rigged, with immense sails. She is of great celebrity on the coast, is armed with four twelve pounders, and a mixed crew, composed chiefly of Spaniards, amounting to about fifty-eight; and was equipped for any villainous service, whether slave dealing or piracy. The fight was a severe one. Seven of the pirates were killed, and a number wounded. Of the English, one man was killed, another died soon after of his wounds, and several others were severely wounded.

IRELAND.—The British ministry have pledged themselves to degrade and exclude from her Majesty's commission, every declared Repealer, and every declared Orangeman

The Repeal Association, however, continues its meetings with unabated zeal. The fund for the week, ending September 1st, was announced £221 3s. 2d.

FRANCE.—A tremendous whirlwind, which was felt in many parts of the continent, destroyed at Rouen, three extensive manufactories, while all the hands were at work; not less than sixty persons, of all ages, perished in the ruins, and one hundred and twenty were wounded.

SPAIN.—Madrid has been the scene of another disturbance. The people resolved not to pay a new house tax, but the military fired upon the crowd that had collected, and order was at length restored.

GERMANY.—The religious disturbances at Leipsic have not been renewed, and the popular irritation has been allayed by the King's prompt compliance with the request of the citizens in regard to a commission of inquiry.

The Government has forbidden that the preachers of the new faith be admitted to the Protestant chapels, and that the newspapers, with a few exceptions, shall write respecting it.

RUSSIA.—The Empress is about to visit Italy for her health. The war of the Caucasus still continues.

POLAND AND AUSTRIA.—In Poland there is a complete famine; and in Hungary there have been great inundations, which have done immense damage, and caused great loss of human life.

WAR IN MADAGASCAR.—The Christians are spreading the gospel among the Heathen. The Queen having issued an order that all the English and French in her dominions, should be registered and naturalized as Malagachies, or quit the island, two of her forts were attacked and taken, and a considerable part of the town burnt. The loss of the natives was immense,—of the French and English, only twenty men were killed, and sixty wounded.

News from Mexico.

War News—General Herrara Elected President—Cabinet Appointed, &c.—The Washington Union of Monday evening has received late despatches from Mexico, via Pensacola.

An opinion very generally prevailed at Vera Cruz, according to the last accounts, that Mexico would not formally declare war against the United States; and that the Government would be able to realize but a very small proportion of the loan, *if any*, which had been authorized—so low was the rate of interest. It is said that, in lieu of a declaration, Mexico would carry on hostilities vigorously against Texas; and they talk of making a rush upon her with twenty-five thousand men, but this was generally considered as a *sheer fable*.

The mail of the 18th had brought news from the city of Mexico of the election of General Herrera to the Presidency, and the formation of a new Cabinet, consisting of Manuel Pena y Pena, (Minister of Foreign Relations,) Pedro Areaya, (Minister of War,) and Fernandez del Castillo, (Minister of the Treasury.)

On the 16th August, Capt. Shubrick, commander of the United States ship Saratoga, exchanged salutes with the batteries of Vera Cruz.

Mexican Affairs.—We were yesterday favored with the perusal of a letter from Mexico, received by the last arrival here. It contained some speculations in regard to Mexican affairs not without interest.

The absolute refusal of the Mexican troops to move upon Texas, has been before mentioned, and allusion has been made to a *pronunciamento* by Paredes, as being more than half expected. In Tampico it was rumored that he was likely to declare himself Consul. In Vera Cruz the rumor was that he would pronounce in favor of a Regency or Consulate, to be composed of three military men—Tornel, Valencia, and himself. The report was believed by very shrewd men in Vera Crux to be altogether probable.

Americans in Vera Cruz were looking for news of a demonstration to be made or the western coast of Mexico by our Pacific squadron. They were so eager for such a consummation as to give countenance to a report afloat that Monterey had a second time fallen into American hands. We give these conjectures and rumors for what they are worth.—*New-Orleans Pic. 13th.*

Cassius M. Clay Meeting at Syracuse.—We learn from the Syracuse Journal, of the 11th, that there was a large meeting held in that village, on the evening of the 10th, of those friendly to Cassius M. Clay, and opposed to the recent outrage at Lexington. Hiram Putnam, Esq. was Chairman, Messrs. Teall, and Levenworth, Vice Presidents, and Messrs. Gillet, and Clary, Secretaries. A series of excellent resolutions were passed.—*Buffalo Commercial, Sept.* 13.

NOTICES.

THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS

Anti-Slavery Fair,

TO BE HELD IN

FANEUIL HALL,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The undersigned, deeply sensible of the obligations of those who begin a work of beneficent reform to carry it forward to the end of their lives, have determined to continue, during the present, as in the eleven preceding years, to disseminate the moral principles, and awaken the feelings which alone can effect the abolition of Slavery.

If we needed fresh stimulus in a work, which perpetually renews the devoted spirit, we could not fail to find it in the present condition of our country. The supporters of Slavery, perceiving that the practice and the preaching of a higher morality, endangers the perpetuity of their system, hope by the annexation of Texas to maintain the balance of power in its favor. But Freedom can gain at the North faster than Slavery at the South, if those who call themselves friends of Freedom, will but labor with zeal and diligence in her behalf.

Our appeal is, in an especial manner, to those who are newly awakened to the nature of Slavery, and its unavoidable termination in political subjugation, and national ruin:—and, who earnestly desire to avoid the fatal consequences of the atrocious deed of Texan Annexation. If the people were awake to the importance of this question of Annexation to the welfare, to the honor, to the very existence of the UNITED STATES, *as such*, they would speak with one voice from every city, county and town throughout the free States, in that decisive tone which would settle the question in the negative at once and forever:—which would sunder any such connection already formed, as threads are parted by flame.

It is to awaken—to inform—to inspire the American people with a sense of what they owe their times, their race, and themselves, that we propose this effort, to be carried on through the year, and to be concluded in December next, with THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS A. S. FAIR. Wherever, the country over, there is a single person professing an interest in the cause, whose eye this shall meet, let that person instantly commence operations for THE FAIR, and interest as many others as possible for its success.

We have the pleasure of announcing to those who have aided us the last year, that but little remains on hand of the contributions of the last Fair. The whole will have been converted into money before the next, and employed in supplying lecturers and publications. Let no one shrink from the duty of aiding us, because he does not deem the Anti-Slavery lecturers and publications the best possible;—our object is to arouse those whose office it *should* have been to bear the truth to us: those whom all confess to be, by their prudence, mildness, judiciousness, and position, rightly qualified for the work we have undertaken, if they could but be induced to undertake it. From among these, we fervently hope, will arise, such as shall put to shame all former advocates, by their devotedness, their zeal, their diligence, and their disinterestedness.

We request for the cause's sake, the immediate formation of Anti-Slavery working clubs, for the aid of THE FAIR. Men can do as much for it as women, by furnishing the requisite funds; by making articles for it, as time permits,—the best specimens of their mechanical ingenuity, and manufacturing skill,—by sending the fruits of their agricultural industry. We ask not for the formation of sewing-circles *only*, but for working-clubs of every description. They may be made the medium of a happier social intercourse than commonly prevails. They may be reading societies and working societies, while their object is the promotion of The Anti-Slavery cause.

We ask of all our friends, and the friends of the cause, and the opposers of Texan Annexation throughout the country, to take the action above indicated. We ask of all such in this city, donations of money or materials, or orders for such articles as they prefer to purchase at the Fair.

Of the opposers of Annexation, we feel that we have a double *right* to ask aid: for have not our efforts aroused them to a sense of the danger and the wrong, and are not *their* efforts consequently due to awaken those who yet slumber over it? It is not more imminent now, than during all these years between 1835 and 1845, which they have slept away, while we watched and worked. Require, now, to others, the good for which we should scorn the thought of a return to ourselves. We desire only to give the advantage of our personal exertions and experience in making this requital as extensively beneficial as economy and knowledge of the ground can do.

Donations and communications may be addressed to M. W. CHAPMAN, 25 Cornhill, office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, or to either of the undersigned:—

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ANN T. G. PHILLIPS
MARY G. CHAPMAN,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
ELIZA L. FOLLEN,
SARAH S. RUSSEL,
SARAH B. SHAW,
HELEN E. GARRISON,
LAVINIA HILTON,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARIA LOWELL,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
LOUISA LORING
HANNAH TUFTS,
CATHERINE SARGENT,
M. A. W. JOHNSON.
CAROLINE WESTON,
ANNA R. PHILBRICK,
MARY YOUNG,
HARRIET M. JACKSON,
MARY F. ROGERS.
ELIZA F. MERRIAM,
CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
ABBY SOUTHWICK,
MARY WILLEY,
MARIAN FULLER.
ANN R. BRAMHALL,
LYDIA PARKER,
HARRIET STURGIS.

Boston, August 29, 1845.

WALKER AND MOODY.

These zealous and efficient laborers for the slave, will attend the Essex County meeting, at Topsfield, on Saturday and Sunday, the 13th and 14th of this month, and then pursue the following course. The friends of the cause in each town, will see that they are hospitably entertained, that a suitable place is provided for them to speak in, that the meeting is previously advertised as extensively as possible, and that they are transported without expense, from one stage to another.

Saturday,	Sept. 27,	Bedford.
Sunday,	" 28,	Concord.
Tuesday,	" 30,	Lexington.
Wednesday,	Oct. 1,	W. Cambridge.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
General Agent, Mass. Soc.

PLYMOUTH COUNTY A. S. SOCIETY.

A quarterly meeting of this society, will be holden on Wednesday, October 1st, 1845, at the Town House, in Pembroke, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M.

A cordial invitation is hereby extended, not only to the friends of the Society, but to all persons, without distinction of sect or party, to meet with us on this occasion, and take part in our deliberations. Let the recent developments of the gigantic monster in Kentucky, cause us to renew our efforts against his encroachments, ere we find ourselves, our wives, and our children, within his huge embrace. Arouse ye, then, sons of the Pilgrims! and act worthy of your name and station.

H. H. BRIGHAM, Secretary.

South Abington, Sept. 15, 1845.

P. S. Will our friends in the different parts of the county, see that the notice of this meeting is posted up in the several churches within their vicinity?

H. H. B.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Weymouth Female Anti-Slavery Society, will hold its Annual Fair, at the Hall in Mr. Wales' Hotel, commencing on the evening of TUESDAY, the 7th of October next, and continuing through the two succeeding days. The Fair will conclude with a TEA PARTY on Thursday evening, when addresses from interesting speakers may be expected. Donations for the Fair, either in money or articles, will be thankfully received by the Committee.

MARY WESTON,
LUCRETIA A. COMINGS, } Com.

FREE PRODUCE.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the American Free Produce Society will be held in Philadelphia, on third day, the 21st of 10th mo.

All persons interested in the cause of the slave, are earnestly invited to be present.

SARAH PUGH, Sec.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Marlboro' Chapel, Hall No. 1, on Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Important business will come before the Society, and the attendance of every member, and of all interested in the Anti-Slavery cause, is needed.

S. H. SOUTHWICK, Rec. Sec.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Are you ready, dear friends, to commence with us preparations for the Pennsylvania Fair of 1845? Warm hearts and active hands we would enlist, at this early period, that no time may be lost which might be profitably spent in this service. Information respecting what is to be done, it can scarcely be necessary to offer to those who, year by year, have been laboring side by side with us in this department of Anti-Slavery toil, and whose skill and ingenuity have been again and again proved. We want whatever liberal souls will devise, and ready hands execute. The Committee commence their efforts this year with the hope of making the Fair superior to those of preceding years, but this hope cannot, of course, be realized, without your diligent and hearty co-operation. On this we rely. Need we urge upon you motives to action? The slave has found no respite from his sufferings shall we seek respite from our labors in his behalf? Trust ing that you are as ready for this work as ourselves, we suggest that you should immediately begin to inquire what you can give or do for this purpose, and how you can best enlist the services of your friends and neighbors. Will some active friends of the cause take measures for forming sewing circles in their neighborhoods, where articles may be manufactured, donations deposited, and interest excited for the Fair? From such a measure, much benefit, beside pecuniary emolument, results to the Anti-Slavery cause. Will not the friends of the cause in Chester, Bucks, and other counties, adopt this plan, and furnish tables, to be superintended by themselves at the Fair? And will not those who cannot conveniently unite with these circles, be diligent and faithful in individual effort? Of all the friends of the slave in city and country, we ask aid. Of the merchant, we ask contributions of merchandise, of the mechanic, the fruit of his handiwork; of the farmer, the produce of his garden, fields, and poultry-yard. But we ask of all *only* the products of *free* and *requited* labor.

Let us, dear friends, commence our efforts with a determination that our next Fair shall yield great and good results to our cause, and *it will do so.*

Contributions may be sent to any member of the Committee, or to J. M. McKim, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Emma Parker,	*Anna M. Hopper,*
Mary Grew,	*Maria M. Davis,*
Sarah M. McKim,	*Sarah Pugh,*
Hester Reckless,	*Martha Carman,*
Lydia Gillingham,	*Sarah Douglass,*
Gertrude K. Burleigh,	*Sarah Lewis,*
Elizabeth J. Neall,	*Margaret Jones,*
Olive Bacon,	*Emily A. Winslow,*
Hannah L. Stickney,	*Margaret Griscom,*
Mary T. Stickney.	*Teresa K. Hallowell,*

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Pot, first sort 1844.	3.93½ a 3.
Pearl	4.18¾ a 4.25
CANDLES.	
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11
Sperm	27 a 29
Stearic do.	22 a 26
COAL.

Poetry.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

LINES,

Written on reading of the kidnapping and imprisonment, in Parkersburg Jail, of three citizens of Ohio, by Virginians.

Ho, children of the mighty West! Ho, to the rescue come!
For Slavery's foul and blighting form invades your peaceful home.
The humble dwellings that you reared amid the forest-shade
Beneath whose rustling canopy your infant children played,
Give no protection unto those who nobly dare to be
The flying bondman's trusty friend, the foe of Slavery.
Ye have seen those dwellings entered, and their inmates torn away,
And the husband and the brother become the spoiler's prey.
Ye have seen your neighbors captured; and the hands you used to press,
Are encircled now by fetters in a dungeon's loneliness.
The roof tree where they gathered, the altar where they prayed,
The demon-hand of Slavery in ruins now has laid.

Ye calmly heard of Walker, in his Pensacola cell,
Of the grievous wrong and outrage that New England's sons befell,
And ye told it to your children, with hearts as dead and cold
To every noble feeling, as the miser's thirst for gold.
Ye heard, but little recked ye, of the suffering and pain,
Of the *fever-fire* raging in imprisoned Torrey's brain;
And ye prayed not for the captive, nor the opening of the door
That was barred and bolted on him in "blood-stained Baltimore."
Of Work, and Burr, and Thompson, ye scarcely ever thought,
Their prison in Mis-ouri and their fetters were forgot;
For you fancied that *your* dwellings at least would be secure,
Nor yourselves be made to suffer what New England's sons endure.

But now that on Ohioans the tyrant's hand is laid,
And the fireside of your brother a desolation made;
Now that Southron marauders can leave their native soil,
And make your very neighbors the victims of their spoil;
Now that the "Old Dominion," so proudly claims the right
To make the "Lion of the West" a captive to her might,
And to violate at pleasure the laws which you have given,
And trample down most impiously, each high behest of heaven;
Will ye meanly quail before Virginia's tyrant rod,
For a mess of pottage selling the birthright gift of God?
And, craven-like, consenting to remain a crouching slave,
And bury, at her bidding, the hopes that Freedom gave?
Or will ye rise in majesty, and bursting every chain
That keeps you from your liberty, your birthright win again,
And tell the proud Virginian his day of pride is o'er,
He shall bring no more his fetters to Ohio's Northern shore?

Oh! if the name of Liberty is pleasant to your ear,
If the deeds of noble valor of others ye revere,
If the blood of daring freemen is coursing in each vein,
And the soul that dwells within you has spurned the tyrant's chain;
Then speak for Truth and Freedom, and your words a living fire,
Shall be the kindling embers of Slavery's funeral pyre:
Send forth your speech unfettered, and your brothers shall go free,
For the words that ye can utter shall give them liberty.

Ho, children of the mighty West! Ho, to the rescue come!
Recal your stolen brothers back unto their plundered homes!
Raise high the shout for Freedom, till every hill and plain
Your words of Truth and Justice re-echo back again.
Tell to the craven South-land, ye no longer will or can
Assist their blood-stained tyrants to chattelize a man:
That the chain you helped to fasten, at Slavery's bid and beck,
Around your *brother's ancle*, is galling on *your neck*;
And that ye now are striving to make Ohio free,
Free from the guilty UNION with wrong and tyranny,
Free from the blood-stained *Compact* your Fathers made of yore,—
The wor-hipped *Constitution*, with its stains of human gore.

N. T. T.

From William Blake's Songs of Experience.

A LITTLE BOY LOST.

"Naught loves another as itself,
Nor venerates another so,
Nor is it possible to thought,
A greater than itself to know.

And, Father, how can I love you,
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird,
That picks up crumbs around the door."

The Priest sat by, and heard the child;
In trembling zeal he seiz'd his hair;
He led him by his little coat,
And all admir'd the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
"Lo! what a fiend is here," said he,
"One who sets reason up, for judge
Of our most holy Mystery."

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain;
They strip't him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain;

And burn'd him in a holy place,
Where many had been burn'd before;
The weeping parents wept in vain:
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

From the Liberty Chimes.

THE CONTRAST.

BY JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

Thy love thou sentest oft to me,
And still, as oft, I thrust it back;
Thy messengers I could not see
In those who everything did lack,
The poor, the outcast, and the black.

Pride held his hand before mine eyes,
The world with flattery stuffed mine ears;
I looked to see a monarch's guise,
Nor dreamed thy love would knock for years,
Poor, naked, fettered, full of tears.

Yet, when I sent my love to thee,
Thou with a smile didst take it in,
And entertained it royally,
Though grimed with earth, with hunger thin,
And leprous with the taint of sin.

Now, every day thy love I meet,
As o'er the earth it wanders wide,
With weary step and bleeding feet,
Still knocking at the heart of pride,
And offering grace, though still denied.

ELMWOOD, Mass.

Miscellany.

MARIE;
OR
Slavery in the United States.

BY GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT.

Author of Travels in Ireland; and, in conjunction with de Tocqueville, of "Penitentiary System of the United States."

(Translated for the Standard.)

CHAPTER IX.
The Trial.

"I besought Nelson to spare me this useless trial, but in vain. He was inflexible. I could not partake of his fears, though it was meet I should obey his will. I consoled myself with the thought that this obstacle was only an adjournment of my happiness. Was I not sure of the heart of Marie?—and had not Nelson promised me that if, on my return, my views were not changed, he would cease to combat them?

"Before leaving Marie, I gave her a thousand assurances of my love. She listened to me sadly and silently; and at length, with a softened voice, replied: 'I will not meet your protestations by my own; since fidelity costs me neither sacrifices nor efforts,—for to me, no other will offer love. But you, generous friend, in remaining faithful to me, assume at the entrance of life, a load which must at the first step crush you.' Her tears closed the reply. At the day appointed for my departure, as I was about to take the steamboat in the Bay of Baltimore, which was to convey me to New-York, at the moment when the small boat pushed off, Marie, whose adieu I had just received, made signs to me from the shore. Stretching her arms towards me—"Ludovic!" she cried, "you *cannot* keep your vow! I absolve you from it." I bent towards her—but absence had already begun. I flung my words upon the winds;—already I was too far from her to be heard. How rapid was the separation! how speedily did the space widen between us! At first it was the distance that sight can measure; then the horizon came between; and soon the immense, illimitable void on which I was borne between sea and sky. Thus does a fleeting moment separate our earthly existence from eternity!

"When the sea thus bears away one of two parting friends, the least to be pitied is the one who watches the vessel from the shore. He still gazes when he can no longer distinguish any one on board. His sorrow is, as it were, held in suspense; and while he can perceive the top of a mast,—the shadow of a sail, he has not wholly lost the cherished being who is about to disappear. A moment comes when the vessel, reduced to an imperceptible atom, escapes the sight, and melts into the horizon between the sky and the waves. Then comes the terrible convulsion of the heart;—the gloomy night, succeeding the last gleam of dying day;—the signal of despair for the soul that feels its hour of sorrow come.

"Yet the one whom the winds and waves bear onward, is still more wretched. The steam—the winds, all conspire against him. Hardly have a few moments expired, when the land on which he seeks his friend, offers to his eye only an obscure point; where nothing is distinguishable. On the immense ocean is one little bark,—on the distant land, the buildings, forests, and inhabitants, melt confusedly into shadow. Thus the friend we leave on the shore escapes suddenly. We suddenly cease to touch, to hear, to see him—all the sorrows of absence seize on us at once.

"My suffering was profound. The sight of the ocean did but add to the sadness of my soul. Nothing, alas! more closely resembles the days of our years, than the motions of a vessel. For the most part they are moderate,—the image of ordinary life, between calm and tempest. The vessel floats until she is worn out or wrecked, and then another takes her place, to follow the same course through the same perils. Thus it is with man on earth. The world, alone, like the ocean, changes not; but forever abides, with its quicksands, its abysses, and its tempests.

"In reviewing my latter years, I found such a chain of misfortunes that it seemed as if my life were pledged to ill fortune. I accused my destiny, and, since the love of Marie had power enough to struggle alone against my grief, I even strove to deprive myself of that last consolation; and my mind was ingenious in forging suspicions and doubts which did not exist in my heart. I knew that instability of mind is the defect of most women; among those who are constant, the greater part are so only through weakness. By remaining with them, one may lose their love, but is it not the only means of preserving their fidelity? I have always thought that men had the deepest affections,—women the most lively passions: the former love more in absence,—the latter when not separated. Man has most imagination, and imagination always transcends reality; women most sensibility, and sensibility is nourished by immediate excitement. I had seen Marie bathed in tears at my departure; but would her love be proof against absence? As for me, it was in her presence that I preserved my fortitude, and after being removed from her that I wept.

"Then began for me a life of profound wretchedness, and almost of shame; for I felt my courage begin to fail. The grief of separation from her I loved subdued my soul, and I felt myself confronted by ills that exceeded all that my imagination had been able to foreshadow. But why afflict you with the history of my woes?"

Here Ludovic paused, his face assumed a gloomy aspect, his look became fixed, and his moveless lips remained in suspense, as if refusing to lend themselves to a painful avowal.

"I entreat you," cried the traveller, "to continue a recital which instructs and affects me. I am anxious to know your fate—speak, I conjure you."

"I have not told you half my misery; and what interest can you take ——"

"An interest the most lively," replied the traveller, "commands my attention to your words. You tell me of your sorrow; that is the spell that binds me. I have never sought the joys and gayeties of the world, but have always felt myself drawn towards misfortune."

"Alas!" replied Ludovic, after a short pause—"I have now reached the epoch of my life of which the remembrance is the most bitter;—the time when I felt the ties giving way in my heart, which bound me to my dearest friend. Even now, I blush at my weakness. My God! through what trials was I compelled to pass, before experiencing this guilty hesitation!

"I had sworn to Marie, in all the tenderness of my heart, that I would always love her. The obstacle that was opposed to my love, however it might be magnified by others, seemed to me puerile and contemptible. Of what consequence was a social prejudice to me—the possessor of the heart of Marie? But when, on re-entering the world, and becoming again the subject of its chillness, I found myself face to face with this powerful and inflexible prejudice which spreads through all classes, which is accepted by all the world, which rules American society without a single voice being raised to combat it, which crushes its victims without exception, without pity, without remorse; when I saw, in the free States of the Union, the black population covered with an opprobrium, worse perhaps than slavery; all persons of color humiliated by public contempt, overwhelmed with outrage, degraded still more by shame than misery: *then* I felt terrible struggles going on within me. Sometimes, seized with indignation and horror, I thought myself strong enough to wrestle singly against everything; my pride found satisfaction in the idea of encountering a whole people, the world entire. But, after these noble impulses, I fell back in the presence of a thousand discouraging realities, and demanded what would be my fate—what would be the fate of Marie herself, in the midst of so much bitterness and ignominy! I hesitated; *there* was my crime. My heart, meanwhile, was not the dupe of the sophisms of my reason. Marie, I said within myself, would be wretched if we should be united; but would she not be more so if our union should not take place? Would she cease to be a poor colored girl, because I had broken my faith with her? Would not the world the more overwhelm her with its contempt, when she should have lost the support of the only being able to make her respected?

"I bore my uncertainty and my anguish from city to city; to New-York, to Boston, to Philadelphia."

Here the traveller interrupted his host, for he had ceased to take the sense of his words.

"Just now," said he, "you detailed to me the fate of the black race in the Southern States, and I deplored with you the sad condition of the slaves.—But, quitting Baltimore, you went to other cities of the Union, where Slavery is abolished. There, a different spectacle must have met your eye. I know that even in the Northern States, the prejudice which attaches to color, is not entirely annihilated; but I had the impression, that it was well nigh extinct—"

"Be undeceived," replied Ludovic, with vivacity; "this prejudice has lost nothing of its power at the North. You should discriminate between the manners and the laws.

"According to the law, the negro is in all points equal to the white; he has the same civil and political rights; he may be President of the United States: but the actual exercise of all these rights is denied him, and he can with difficulty hold any position in social life, superior to domestic servitude.

"In these States of pretended freedom, the negro is no longer a slave, but he is free only in name.

"I know not whether his new condition be not worse than servitude. As a slave, he had no rank in human society; now, that he is counted among men, it is only as the lowest and the last.

"It is not uncommon, at the South, to see the whites kind to the negroes. As the difference which separates them is immense, and uncontested, the free do not fear, in approaching the slave, either to elevate him to their level, or to descend to his.

"In the North, on the contrary, where the equality of all is proclaimed, the whites maintain a distance between themselves and the negroes, that they may not be confounded with them. They fly from them with a sort of horror, and pitilessly repulse them, as a protest against an assimilation which humiliates them, and in order to maintain by custom a distinction which no longer exists by law.

"Perhaps the oppression which weighs upon a whole race of men, seems more odious and more revolting in proportion as freedom is the rule of the country where it exists.

"In the East, we see barbarous countries where the caprice of a tyrant sports with men's lives; where power is announced by plunder, the submission of the subject proclaimed by his degradation; where force takes the place of law; irresponsible power, of justice; interest, of morality; and universal misery, of comfort. There, each one endures life as a destiny; oppressor or oppressed, eunuch or sultan; victim or executioner. There is nowhere either good or evil: there is only luck. Crime and virtue are but fatalities.

"Am I astonished to find in such unhappy lands, millions of men devoted to Slavery? No; I hardly notice this outrage against morality, in a society founded on contempt of all the laws of nature and humanity. There, every social vice is a principle, and not an abuse; and necessary to the harmony of the whole.

"But a similar excuse cannot be made for a nation in possession of free institutions. It knows that Slavery is evil, because it enjoys liberty. It ought to detest injustice and persecution, since it practices each day, equity, charity, and toleration.

"In a barbarous country, surrounded by the greatest miseries, only one sentiment of hatred reigns in the heart: it is against the despot. He alone has power; through him comes all ill; against him rise all imprecations.

"But in a land of equality, all the citizens are responsible for every social injustice. Each one of them is an accomplice. There lives not in America, a single white, who is not barbarous, wicked, and persecuting, towards the colored race.

"In Turkey, in the most frightful distress, there is but one despot; in the United States, for every act of tyranny, there are ten millions of tyrants.

"These reflections presented themselves unceasingly to my mind, and I felt the root of a profound hatred against the Americans springing in my heart; for the misfortune of Marie was the work of their barbarous laws, and odious prejudices, and each one of them was, in my eyes, an enemy.

"I saw the efforts made by some generous men to remedy the evil; but this evil is of the kind that can be cured only by centuries.

"In a society where all suffer alike, a general sentiment is formed, which excites to revolution, and liberty sometimes springs from the extreme of oppression.

"But in a country where a portion only of society is oppressed, while all the rest are at ease, we behold the majority arranging their happy existence, regardless of the miseries of the minority; everything is in good order and wisely regulated; good fortune on one side, debasement and suffering on the other. The wretched can make themselves heard, but cannot make themselves feared: and the evil however revolting, is not cured by its own extremity, because, though it increases, it does not extend.

"The misery of the blacks oppressed by American society, cannot be compared with that of any of the suffering classes among other people. Hostility everywhere exists between the capitalist and the laborer, yet these two classes are separated by no impassible barrier. The poor may become rich—the rich may become poor; and this alone is sufficient to temper and modify oppression. But when the American crushes the black population beneath his contempt, he knows full well, that he can never have to undergo the fate of the negro.

"I was continually a witness of some sad event, which revealed to me the profound hatred of the Americans against the blacks.

"One day, at New-York, I was present at a sitting of the Court of Sessions. On the criminal's bench, was seated a young mulatto, whom an American accused of acts of violence. 'A white, struck, by a man of color! horror! shame!' rung on all sides. The public, and the jury themselves, were indignant against him, before knowing whether he were guilty. I cannot tell you the painful impression that the debate made on me. Whenever the poor mulatto wished to speak, his voice was stifled, either by the authority of the judge, or by the murmurs of the crowd. All the witnesses were against him. The most favorable, were those who said nothing. The friends of the plaintiff, had excellent memories. Those whom the mulatto called upon, could recollect nothing. He was condemned without deliberation. A thrill of joy went through the crowd—a thousand times more cruel than the sentence of the magistrate, to the heart of the condemned; for the judge is paid to fulfil his task, while the hatred of the people is gratuitous. Perhaps the man was guilty; but had he been innocent, would not his fate have been the same?

"Yet the State of New-York knows only freemen, all equal among themselves! What, then, are laws, when custom gives them the lie! Alas! the justice that the man of color finds in America, is like that the vanquished meet at the hands of the victor, after civil war.

"The negroes equal with the whites!—what falsehood! I saw, even in the enclosure of the Court of Sessions, the Americans separated from the blacks: for the first, a distinguished place in the audience; at the bottom of the public hall, a narrow gallery for the last. Why was this barrier placed between them, as if to oppose their fusion?

"There is in Philadelphia, a house of refuge for young persons, who have committed some offence, between a misdemeanor and crime. Family government is not strong enough for them;—prison-discipline would be too rigorous; the house of refuge, more severe than the one, and less cruel than the other, is most suitable for these precocious but not hardened delinquents. One day, in visiting this establishment, I was surprised not to see there a single black child. I asked the director the cause, and he replied—'it would degrade white children thus to associate them with beings devoted to public contempt.'

"Another time, I testified my astonishment that the children of negroes were excluded from public schools established for the whites, and I was shown that no American would send his child to a school where a single black was found.

"Then I recollected the words uttered by Marie, in her despair:—

"'The separation of whites and negroes everywhere takes place. In the churches where men pray,—in the hospitals, where they suffer,—in the prisons, where they repent, and in the burial-ground, where they rest in everlasting sleep.'

"All was true in this picture, which I had regarded as an exaggeration of grief.

"The hospitals as well as the jails, comprehend distinct quarters, where the sick and the sinful, are classed according to their color; throughout, the whites being the objects of care and alleviation, which the poor blacks never obtain.

"I have seen, also, in each city, two separate cemeteries; one for whites, the other for people of color. Strange phenomenon of human vanity! When there remains to men only dust and corruption, their pride resolves never to die, and finds its life in the nothingness of the sepulchre!

"But, though the ambition of man survives, his power expires at the tomb. However great the distance that separates these privileged skeletons from the bones of an inferior race, all these miserable remains are alike tinted with the uniform coloring that the earth bestows upon her guests; the same surface, whether light or heavy, covers them all; the same worms feed on their hearts—the same oblivion swallows up their memory.

"But what exceedingly astonished me was to find this separation of the whites from negroes, in religious edifices. Who would believe it? ranks and privileges in Christian churches! Sometimes the blacks are banished to an obscure corner of the temple—sometimes they are completely excluded from it. Judge what would be the displeasure of a select society, if it must be mixed up with the grois and the ill clad! Meeting at church, is the only authorized diversion on Sunday. For American society, the church is at once promenade, concert, ball, and theatre; the women appear there elegantly dressed. The Protestant temple is a saloon where one prays. Americans would suffer if obliged to meet there with beings of a low condition. Would it not be melancholy to see a hideous black visage, tarnishing the splendor of a brilliant assembly! In a polite congregation, [de bonne compagnie,] the majority will be in favor of the exclusion of people of color, and if the majority will it, nothing can prevent it.

"The Catholic churches are the only ones which permit neither privilege nor exclusion. The black population finds access to them exactly as does the white. This tolerance on the part of Catholicism, and this rigorous police of Protestant places of worship, are not merely accidental, but exist in the nature of the two faiths.

"The minister of a Protestant communion owes his office to election, and, to keep his place he must keep the favor of the majority of his constituents. His dependence is complete, and he is condemned, under penalty of disgrace, to yield to the prejudices and the passions that he ought to combat without compromise.

"The Catholic priest, on the contrary, is absolute master in his church; being answerable to no one but his Bishop, who, himself, acknowledges no authority but that of the Pope. He is the head of an assembly upon which he is not dependent, and it consequently disquiets him but little to displease it, by blaming its errors and vices. He directs his congregation according to his faith; while the Protestant minister governs his, according to his interest. One is admitted to the temple by a sect. The other opens his church to all men. The first accepts the law; the second imposes it.

"Behold the Protestant minister; docile, obsequious to those who have commissioned him; while the Catholic priest, commissioned of God alone, speaks with authority to men whose duty it is to obey him.

"The pride of the whites orders the Protestant pastor to repulse the low and degraded from the temple, and negroes are consequently excluded.

"But these negroes, who are men, enter the Catholic church, because there, it is no longer human pride that commands, but it is the priest of Christ who bears rule.

"I was here struck with a sad truth: it is, that public opinion, so beneficent when it protects, is, when it persecutes, the most cruel of tyrants.

"This public opinion, all-powerful in the United States, wills the oppression of a hated race, and nothing can thwart its hatred.

"In general it belongs to the wisdom of Legislators to correct the manners by means of the laws, which are themselves corrected by the manners.—This moderating principle does not exist in the American Government. The people who hate the negroes are the people who make the laws, and appoint the magistrates; and to be agreeable to whom every functionary must ally himself with their passions. The impulse of popular sovereignty is irresistible. Its least desires are commands. It does not correct its stubborn agents—it supercedes them. It is then the people, with its passions, that governs. The black race endures in America the sovereignty of hatred and contempt.

"I found this tyranny of the popular will universal.

"Ah, how strange and cruel a fate is this of a whole population, planted in the midst of a world that repels it!

"This aversion and contempt is reproduced under a thousand forms. I have seen a whole family of negroes in danger of starving for a debt of a dollar In the United States, the law gives the creditor the right to imprison his debtor for the smallest sum and the creditor is always taken at his word. One day as I was walking sadly along, in New York, my attention was aroused by lamentable cries at a little distance. It was a poor negro that they were carrying to prison. A black woman followed him, all in tears, with her children. Moved by compassion I approached her, and demanded why she wept.—She cast upon me a look of impassive sorrow, as if she had judged my question to be only a mockery and asked in cowardly derision of her wretchedness. A negro in the United States is wholly incredulous as respects the compassion of the whites. I renewed my question, in a tone of voice which betrayed my profound emotion. Then the poor woman told me that her husband was dragged to prison for not having paid for some loaves of bread. 'No shopkeeper,' she said, 'would give us the least credit, and we have found no one to lend us a copper.' The pitiless creditor, who, for a trifling interest, had caused so much wretchedness, had in his favor, it is true, the letter of the law; and this law is also applicable to Americans, as well as to persons of color. But though the law is uniform, its administration is not the same for all; since there exists in favor of the whites, a public feeling of compassion, which tempers the rigor of the most severe laws.

"Do not imagine that, in the Northern States, the origin of the persons of color who have become white by the mingling of races, can be forgotten or overlooked.

"Tradition is as rigid there as in the South.—Vainly does the man of color, who would disconcert his enemies, quit the place where the taint in his race is known, and seek a new existence in another State, and in the bosom of a new society; the mystery of his emigration is speedily discovered. Public opinion, ordinarily so indulgent to fortune-seekers, who conceal their names and previous lives, is pitiless in its search for proofs of African descent.

"The bankrupt of Massachusetts finds honor and fortune in Louisiana, where no one inquires what ruin he has caused elsewhere.

"The inhabitant of New-York, who feels constraint from the ties of marriage, leaves his wife on the left bank of the Hudson, and goes, on the right bank, to seek another in New Jersey, where he lives, an undisturbed bigamist.

"The robber and the forger, disgraced under the laws of Rhode Island, readily find employment and consideration, in Connecticut.

"There is but one crime, of which the guilty bear everywhere the penalty and the infamy; it is that of belonging to a family reputed to be of color.—Though the color may be effaced, the stigma remains. It seems as if men could guess it, when they could no longer see it. There is no asylum so secret, no retreat so secure as to conceal it.

"Such was the country where my destiny had thrown me; such was the world in which I was to pass my life, with the daughter of Nelson. In the midst of so much hatred, was not all hope of happiness a chimera? Oh! how did my heart suffer from these wrongs, whose weight fell continually on Marie! What mighty indignation siezed my soul!—What depths of bitterness did I feel gather in my heart!

(To be continued.)

Dawn Island....A Tale.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

PREFACE.

This tale, written for the purpose, is my offering to the Bazaar of the National Anti-Corn Law League.

However small its value, this contribution is made by me without hesitation, because I think that earnestness of conviction on the principle of Free-Trade,—as on any principle whatever,—is most effectually evinced and employed by every one working in his own way for the cause. The separate gifts of a thousand of us contributors may be of insignificant value in themselves; but, as evidence that a thousand minds, and a thousand pairs of hands have been at work on the ground of a common conviction, the testimony is not unimportant. For my share, therefore, I have written this tale; and I shall be gratified by its being granted a place among a myriad of other avowals of interest in the cause of Free-Trade.

H. MARTINEAU.

BIRMINGHAM, April, 1845.

CHAPTER I.
NATURE AND MAN AT WAR.

If a voyager were to search through the world for an abode of peace, he would probably choose, for its outward aspect, one of the small tropical islands of the Pacific; and of the whole Archipelago, no one could present a more enticing appearance of tranquillity than that which was, while yet unknown to navigators, called by the inhabitants, the Island of the Day Spring; or, as we should call it for shortness, Dawn Island. The lofty summits of the central mountains seemed to bring down to earth something of the unfathomable quietness of the tropical skies which over-arched them. The transparency of the atmosphere gave an appearance of stability to every object within reach of the eye,—a clearness of outline, and firmness of position, hardly to be conceived of by inhabitants of regions where everything is seen through shifting and refracting fogs and mists. The waving of the plumy foliage of the cocoa-nut grove, and the leap and gush of the mountain streams, rather lulled than disturbed the senses of the observer; and if he turned his gaze to the shores, he could not but think that the space between them and the coral reef which surrounded the island, contained the stillest waters he had ever seen. The coral reef extended to various distances from the shore, now stretching out so as to enclose a lake-like expanse of two miles in breadth, and then bending inward so as to leave no more room than for two canoes to pass. To any gazer, looking down into the clear depths of these waters, all appeared calmer than on the surface. Fathoms deep, he saw an apparent foliage and fruitage, delicate as vegetation itself—fragile-looking as the tenderest weed, but giving way to no lapse of waters, and not stirred by the gliding of a throng of fishes, as the boughs of trees are by the flitting of birds. These many-colored corals, sprouting and branching out from the sandy bottom, gave the idea of a luxuriant garden suddenly overflowed, and petrified by the deluge. The stillness of the land and waters within the reef was made more striking by the chafing of the ocean beyond. The long breakers rolled in, rising in height and force as if they would surmount the barrier, but clear and lovely as opal; and on the first encounter with the reef, their white crests were dispersed in showers of spray, which merely dimpled the smooth waters within, and sent a solemn sea music resounding through the nearer inland groves.

While such was the peaceful aspect of Dawn Island in ordinary times, there was one day in the history of its inhabitants when all was disturbance, through its length and breadth. Wars were indeed frequent,—aggressive or defensive wars with the people of another island, or conflicts arising from rebellion at home. On the present occasion, an expedition, with the king for its leader, was going forth to put down an insurrection on the opposite point of the island, where a dismissed minister gathered around him all the discontented, and was putting forth a claim to the regency of the island, on the deposition of the king,—the heir being still a child.

On the king's side, the preparation had been going forward for some days. The weapons were cleaned and pointed, and their handles smeared with resinous gum, to make them fast in the warriors' grasp; the god Oro was brought out from his temple, and a red feather solemnly taken from the image by the priests, and borne hither and thither with the army, as a symbol of Oro's presence and sanction; the fleet of canoes was assembled in the lagoon, and the altars were dressed in those which were to convey the symbols and sacrifices of the gods. While the priests were preparing for the final ceremonial, and the king was holding a council under the deep shade of a bread-fruit tree, the orators were working up themselves and their hearers of the army into a state of high excitement, bidding their warriors to dart upon their enemies like a sheaf of lightning bolting from the clouds, to fasten upon them as barbed arrows on the flesh of the thigh, to overwhelm them as a waterspout advancing upon a fishing fleet, and finally to come home in triumph, to devour their chief foe as the shark swallows the strong man, when most secure in his strength. Some of the hearers were transported with the fervor of the oratory, casting glances of fire on their comrades, and uttering shouts of triumph. Of these comrades, however, some were of a different temperament, and others had their sobriety of mind preserved by the sight of their wives, who were hanging on the rear of the assemblage; or of their houses, which peeped out from the groves, or nestled in the meadows; and these remembered that the triumph was premature, and that, till the disposition of Oro was fully ascertained, no man could say with any assurance on which side would be the victory, and on which the devastation. Among some of these soldiers arose a rumor of "Where is Miava? Who has seen Miava, on this day when he should have been seen by every one?" And this muttered inquiry was taken up and loudly echoed by the women, whose excited imaginations immediately caught the alarm. A panic spread lest old Miava should have gone over to the rebels, and carried Oro's favor with him. In haste and trepidation, numbers ran to see whether the presents brought for the priest were sufficient—whether the mats and the cloth were of a handsome quality, and so arranged as to please the old man's eye, and stimulate his zeal in propitiating the god. All was found satisfactory enough,—at least in the eyes of the priest next in rank, who gave notice that Miava had merely retired to the woods, for peace and quiet, till the war should be over. He was now weary of the wars of which he had seen so many; and he left it to younger men to deal expressly with the gods, and receive the reward of their prayers and watchings. As the fatigues and anxieties were left to his juniors, so were the mats and the cloth, and even the canoe which he had heard was intended for him if he obtained a good response on the present occasion.

No one ventured to say a word in disparagement of the junior priests; but all were cast down by the absence of old Miava, who had for many years offered with his own hand the last human sacrifice, slain while the warriors stood, ready to start, with their arms in their hands. The king, who kept an eye on all that passed, from his station in the shade, marked the discouragement which fell upon the forces, and the cooling down of the orators, as their hearers turned their heads another way. He gravely observed to his council, "Miava must be brought down from the woods. By sunset, he must have his hand on the stem of the sacred tree."

"But if he will not come?" objected the chief minister.

"Then the war cannot proceed; and which of you will suffer that? Miava must come."

CHAPTER II.
PUERILE MAN AND HIS GODS.

At sunrise of this, as of every day, Miava had come out, to spend his hours in the wood or on the rocks. There was nothing in the abodes of any of the inhabitants of the island to tempt them to stay within,—no coolness, nor cleanliness, nor comfort. Holes in the roof let in the rain and mosquitoes; hollows in the earthen floor held stagnant water; the long grass with which the floor was strewed was never changed, and the food and drink dropped upon it rotted and fermented; so that the litter was presently fit only for a stye. There was no separate sleeping place; only the drier parts of the floor were chosen,—the parts near the walls, and there the mats were spread, and a low block of wood was placed for each head that desired the luxury of a pillow. Those who had pigs let them wallow in the midst; and those who had fowls let them perch where they would. No wonder that Miava was out early, exchanging the grunt and the cluck of his Domestic stock for pleasanter out-door sounds, for the fall of the broad bright cascade which leaped the rocks near his hut, for the rustle and clatter of the long stiff leaves and light leaflets of the cocoa-nut trees which sprang from the crevices of the precipice at hand, and for the distant murmur of the sea.

As he came out, he glanced at the smaller hut which stood a little way behind his own. Women, being regarded as an inferior race, were provided with a sort of kennel, where they might eat their coarser and poorer food, and wait the bidding of the men of the family. They were required to cook for their masters at the superior oven provided for the better abode, to carry in the baskets of food and wait on the eaters, and at night to sleep in the most comfortless corner of the larger dwelling; but further than this they were not indulged. They must eat only when others had done, must not touch anything particularly good, nor complain of anything particularly bad, must always be within call, and wait standing, must not lie down at night till all the animals were asleep, and must, without fail, be busy at the oven before their masters woke in the morning. So Miava glanced round at his daughter's kennel, and at the ovens, and, not seeing her, ought, according to rule, to have been very angry.

But Miava was not wont to be angry; and least of all with Idya. Idya was not his own daughter; but had been adopted under circumstances which endeared her to him as much as if she were. She had been deserted in her early childhood,—her parents being both slain in war, and no one caring to nourish a helpless little creature of a sex not worthy to be offered in sacrifice, and of an age not ripe for cooking and beating fibre-cloth. So she would have perished on some rock, or in some recess of the meadows, if Miava, who was of such dignity as to brave public opinion without detriment, had not connived at her continued existence, and tacitly taken some measures to secure it. He threw her some of the inferior sorts of fish which were brought to him in tribute, and did not inquire where she broiled them. She once found in her sleeping hole a mallet for beating cloth,—a mallet which was not too heavy for her strength,—a clear permission to learn to make cloth, if she could induce any woman to teach her. It was even reported that not only had some one provided her with a bark foot-sling, for climbing cocoa-nut-trees, but that Miava himself was once caught showing her how to use it, and taking care that she did not fall in her first attempt. By some imperceptible means, Idya grew up to be useful, like other girls, and to be indulged as few other girls were. When, as on this morning, she was not abroad before her proprietor, he did not beat or scold her, but said to himself that he was probably astir earlier than usual, or that Idya looked prettier and pleasanter when she was awakened by the first sun ray, or the early breeze, than when scared out of her sleep by a kick or a growl.

He first repaired to his morning station, a point of rock whence he could overlook in privacy the valley beneath, and a wide range of shore. There he forgot everything in the interest of watching the gathering of the forces, and the reception of the king and his council. He was thankful to be on his quiet perch, rather than amidst the preparations,—for other reasons than he could freely avow. His mind was troubled by so much strife, and far more deeply troubled by being made, through his office, the abettor of strife. He had only followed custom and tradition in what he had done; but of late these had failed to sustain him completely,—to steel his heart against the cries of dying men, and to make him glory, for the sake of the gods, in sending the victim's right eye on a leaf for the king to pretend to eat. The slightest qualm of doubt as to the correctness of such proceedings spoiled all the complacency of them; and then again, there was the fear that any such qualm was an offence against the gods. He was glad that years and long service had now afforded him an excuse before Oro and the king for being out of the affair altogether. And with this sense of relief he looked down this morning on the moving multitude.

As he watched, absorbed in thought, he was startled by a rustling in the bushes near, and next by the appearance of a woman whom he knew as the inhabitant of one of the best abodes in the valley below. Her face was now convulsed with fear, and her dress was torn, as if with scrambling through the thickets. She strove to speak, in vain.

"Feito," said the priest, "your son is now a man; and he must go out with men to the battle. When he was dying under the sorcerer's curse, and you fetched me to save him, was it not your wish to see him a man among men on such a day as this?"

"It is my wish now," replied the sobbing mother; but the best hope for him now is, that he may be a beast among the mountains."

"Is he tabooed?" quickly inquired Miava.

"He is,—and in him all of us. Many months since, he sent to the king only half the bread-fruit that was expected, though we kept too little for ourselves. Since then, I have lived in fear. My children said to me still when the new moon appeared, 'We are safe;' but they will say so no more. The chief of our valley received the token to find a victim last night. He accepted it. There is no other than my son fit for the sacrifice. We have fled thus far. Tell us where further to fly."

(To be continued.)

BARGAIN EXTRAORDINARY!

THE "*Amity Mill*" property, near Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, is now, owing to *an absolute necessity*, on the part of the owners, *to make sale*, offered *at more than fifty per cent. below its cash value.* The property consists of *an excellent farm* of one hundred and sixty acres, with good buildings. One hundred and twenty acres of the land, cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The mill is one of considerable note, and its flour is in good repute at the East. This building is nearly new, and is not surpassed in execution and convenience by any flouring mill in the State. It is five stories high, has three run of Burrs, two of these have ground and manufactured in twenty-four hours, *one hundred barrels of flour.* The water-wheel is secured from all obstacles by ice. Space will not admit of a full description of the building. Its conveniences of conveying wheat from one story to another, its various apartments, the completeness of its machinery, &c. &c. must be seen to be understood, or their value appreciated. The supply of water is ample, except at times of the greatest drought. The building alone, cost at least, *ten thousand* dollars. Adjacent to the mill are, an *oil mill*, thirty feet by thirty-four feet, four stories; a good dwelling, twenty-two feet by thirty-two feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a store-house, eighteen feet by twenty-four feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a warehouse, fifteen feet by fifty feet. Also, a cooper-shop, sixteen feet by one hundred and six feet.

The property lies in one of the best wheat growing regions in Ohio, and but three miles from Salem, a very thriving town, of twenty stores, and a population of one thousand two hundred, but without water-power.

This property cost $20,000, and is now offered at the low sum of $8,500—$3,000 only required in hand.

For further particulars, inquire of

B. B. DAVIS, Agent.

Salem, 6th mo. 5th, 1845.—2m.

Education and Industry!

THE Northampton Association of Education and Industry have appropriated a suitable tenement for the accommodation of 15 or 20 boarding pupils. They will be members of a family, under the care of the Director of Education, assisted by his wife, and other teachers, and will be subject to the same treatment and regulations as pupils who are members of the association. The name of the association indicates the idea of culture, towards the realization of which our efforts will be directed. Systematic, habitual industry is deemed indispensable to education, which should aim at the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious tendencies in active, practical life.

We shall consider $100 a year as an equivalent for instruction and board; from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. The year will commence on the 1st of May, next, and will have no fixed and entire vacation. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

O. MACK, *Director of Education.*

BROUGHTON MEADOWS,
Northampton, April 14, 1844.

FREE CALICOES!

JUST received, 1 case fine calicoes. Also, 2 cases fine shirting muslins; together with a large assortmen of other free dry goods, at reduced prices, wholesale and retail. CHARLES WISE,

Northwest corner Arch and Fifth streets.

Philadelphia, 8th, mo. 17th 1843. tf.

PHILADELPHIA ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.

No. 31, North Fifth street.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard, will be issued regularly from this office, on Thursday of every week.

TERMS—the same as in New-York; i. e. $2,00 a year if paid in advance; $2,50 if not paid within six months.

$10,00, in advance, will pay for six copies for one year, sent to one address; and $30,00 will pay for twenty copies.

A full assortment of anti-slavery publications is kept constantly on hand. Also, a handsome variety of miscellaneous books,